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SAINT VINCENT.

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"FLAMBEAU"

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"INSTEAD OF CURSING THE DARKNESS ONE LIGHTS A CANDLE."

NO. 8]

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EDITORIAL

This Special Double Issue was prepared in anticipation of our attainment of Associated Statehood. It was felt that such an occasion should be marked by some literary document whose main purpose would be to bring up to date our historical balance sheet and so equip us with the requisite background knowledge to tackle manfully the problems that will confront us in the years ahead and enable us to face boldly all the challenges which the future is bound to pose.

It has been said that a plant cannot mature and flower until it has set its roots firmly in the soil. And so it is with nations. A people cannot make serious pretensions to Statehood until they have first sorted out and arrived at a fairly clear picture of their past; until they know their real history, understand their origin, and are aware of the forces that fashioned them and the circumstances that moulded them. We have attempted to ease the way for the return journey by providing an opportunity for Vincentians to delve after their roots so that they may gain sufficient strength and assurance to establish a spiritual base on which a nation can be founded.

In order to realise our assignment we have had to reinterpret our history, to see it through the eyes of the colonial, to examine it from the national point of view. We have had to be discriminating not only in presentation but also in content; our selection of events was deliberately made from a collection which we believe could be useful in nation-building. We make no apologies. The Caribs have been given their proper place in local history. So far from being "rebels", "savages", "enemies" they

have been portrayed as zealous patriots who died waging an unrelenting guerilla war to safeguard their island-home from colonialist exploitation. A slave gives us first-hand information on the inner workings of that bestial institution called slavery, and another article tells of the mental castration perpetrated against our people in the operation of values handed down from the days of slavery. Our social and economic ills have been put in their relevant contexts, and particular emphasis has been laid on the education problem which was shown to be the logical outflow of poor direction from its source. King Jaja's visit to St. Vincent has for the first time been given the prominence that it deserves and, not unnaturally, a sympathetic assessment is made of the 1935 riot which was an undoubted milestone in our social, economic and political progress.

On the more uncontroversial plane a local historian informs us as to how and why Kingstown was built the way it was. A visiting journalist relates his impressions of contemporary St. Vincent. A short story reflects the pettiness of our local version of party politics and one contribution prescribes the political path to follow. A second short story depicts a particular aspect of rural life among the poor, and the issue closes with a fine selection of the recognised work of three Vincentian poets who are honoured in literary circles throughout the Caribbean.

We commend this capsuled edition of our history to all. We salute this antillean gem on its assumption of Statehood in Association. And we look forward to a brighter day, tomorrow.

THE CARIBS OF ST. VINCENT

By JACQUELINE WYNTER.

St. Vincent is about the size of the parish of St. Andrew in Jamaica, but it boasts more dependencies than the island of Jamaica. Stretching between St. Vincent and Grenada, like stepping-stones across a river, are a number of small cays—the Grenadines, some of them bearing the most romantic of French names—Mustique, Mayreau, Canouan, Isle Canacon, with one, not surprisingly, having the very English name of Union Island. Most of these islands are attached to the Government of St. Vincent, and are administered from Kingstown, St. Vincent.

In all of the Windward Islands, except St. Vincent, a French patois is spoken in certain communities—that is—in parts of Dominica and St. Lucia, and to a lesser extent in Grenada. But St. Vincent, nevertheless, has a rich French heritage in the form of place names—on the Leeward Coast of the island—Chateaubelair, Barruallie, Layou, Mahaut, Dubois, Bambareuil. On the Windward side—Grand Sable, Bellevue, La Croix. Our mountains, too, bear French names—Morne Craren, La Soufriere, Grand Bonhomme and Petit Bonhomme. Off the southern coast of the island, there is a little rock called Fort Duvernette, resting beside a larger island, Young's Island, in much the same way as Nevis rests beside St. Kitts. Otherwise, St. Vincent bears little imprint of her long periods of French occupation. Young's Island, according to legend, was acquired by the British when a Carib Chief offered it to Governor Young in exchange for his horse.

When the British and the French thought of making settlement in the Lesser Antilles, they chose the Leeward Islands rather than the Windward which had more Caribs, and mountain and forest to serve as hiding places. But even so, they suffered repeated attacks from the Caribs, who, driven out of St. Kitts, made Dominica their headquarters for a while, and from there raided the French and English in St. Kitts. The Caribs were no match for the English and French in a face to face warfare, for they were equipped only with bows and arrows, but they were skilled in planning sudden raids. As English and French settlements grew however, the Caribs found themselves being pushed further and further out of the islands, and by the middle of 1717, they approached Pointe, the French Governor of the Leewards, asking him what were they to do, where were they to go? Before he died, Pointe signed a treaty reserving to them Dominica and St. Vincent. The English and Dutch later agreed to

this though less sincerely. Until late in 1718, St. Vincent was to remain their headquarters where they kept up a savage struggle for independence, chiefly against the English, for the French had learnt to live in harmony with them.

These Caribs of whom we speak were not like the mild, peace loving Indians of the Greater Antilles. They were a nomadic race of Cannibals, with a preference for French flesh, we are told, who had invaded the Lesser Antilles crossing to them from the Orinoco, and making their way northwards to the Leeward Islands. They omitted Barbados in their course. We owe our knowledge of them chiefly to the description of Pere DuRoi and the historian Labat. They were a sad and melancholy race, very simple and taciturn. In spite of tales of their savagery, they were said to be soft and affable and sympathetic, cruel only to their enemies, and very vindictive. They were strong and well built, and of the colour of "cooked shrimps." They were very determined and set great store by their own freedom. In St. Vincent to the north of the island there is a place called Bloody Bridge where the Caribs fought to the last man rather than surrender their freedom. To the north of Grenada, there is a place called "Sautours"—by translation "The Leapers" or "Carib's Leap", where the Caribs, driven to the northern extremity of the island, all leapt off into the sea, and to their death, rather than submit. These are the people who held out in St. Vincent. A proud and determined race. They are sometimes divided into two classes—the Yellow Caribs and Black Caribs. But they were not two distinct races. In 1765 survivors from a sunken slave ship had reached St. Vincent, and had been welcomed by the Caribs. Intermarriage took place, and "Black Caribs" resulted.

Later on there had been a Civil War which the Black Caribs with the help of the French had won, and the French came in friendship to the Caribs, from Martinique and settled in the south and west of the island. Thereafter whenever the English engaged in a contest with the Caribs over the possession of the island, they had also to reckon with the French.

In 1772, St. Vincent was part of a grant made to the Duke of Montague by George I of England. Montague House, his residence, still stands today at Georgetown on the eastern coast of the island. It stands haunted, they say, and alone, barely visible beyond vast fields of arrowroot on the western side of the town. But

in spite of the Duke of Montague's presence, the French continued to pour in. They had settled on the Leeward side of the island, now they trekked to windward and to the Bay of St. Antonio as the Kingstown harbour was then called. Barbados, as you will remember, has the reputation of having remained in English hands from the time it was first settled. The Windward Islands, of which St. Vincent is one, have changed hands more frequently than any other island. Whenever the wars in Europe were over, or as some persons would put it, whenever peace broke out in Europe, the Islands in the West Indies were often thrown in at the peace to even up the takings on both sides. Sometimes they were used as counters in a game. The person who won them might not want to keep them but would use them for exchange for other things he required. From this time St. Vincent was to be passed from the British to the French and then back again like our game "Handbasket, Ladies"—In 1762, General Monckton and Rear Admiral Rodney took the island, and many French colonists left.

Those who had the tenacity to remain were made to pay for the properties on which the Caribs had allowed them to settle. The Caribs were annoyed at this, and in 1772 rebelled, but were quickly subdued. The English fortified all the approaches to Kingstown, and signed a treaty with the Caribs—Jean Baptiste and DuPont signing for the latter—giving over to the Caribs a large reservation to the north of the island, once they acknowledged the King of England as sovereign of St. Vincent. Peace descended on the island for some short time, and the Governor relaxed to the point where he allowed the fortification to fall into disrepair, and employed the soldiers who should have manned them in clearing his own estate at Walliston. It was no wonder, therefore that a small expedition from Martinique easily claimed the island for the French. But it was returned to the English by the Treaty of Versailles.

A few years later the Caribs, with the help of Frenchmen from Martinique began setting fire to cane-fields (sugar cane had only recently been introduced) and they destroyed houses and English lives. This continued for some time, becoming gradually more and more alarming. Aid arrived for the colonial militia, and the Caribs prepared to resist and to attack. The Governor asked the two chiefs Chatoyer and Duvalle to meet with him and discuss terms of settlement, but they replied that it was too late.

In the struggle which was to follow, the Caribs displayed great military genius, and skill in guerilla warfare. But they were out-numbered and out-manoeuvred by men of superior equipment and experience in planned warfare.

The years 1796 and 1796 saw the last Carib bid for survival. Under the leadership of

Duvalle on the Windward or eastern side, and Chatoyer on the Leeward side, the Carib forces were to converge on Kingstown, the stronghold of the British. And this plan succeeded; it only just succeeded. Duvalle pressed on to Kingstown, plundering his way through at Marriaqua and La Croix, successfully resisting the English at Three Rivers where he forced the retreat of Captain Morgan (not Captain HENRY Morgan, but Captain JAMES Morgan). He reached Dorsetshire Hill just outside Kingstown, and there he hoisted the flag of the French Republic. He was met according to plan by forces from the Leeward. But the strategy of the English at Kingstown was more than the Caribs had anticipated. The Governor ordered the Canefields around the town to be burnt, so that as the Caribs approached they would be in full view, and indeed, their attacks on the outskirts were no surprise and were easily resisted. Instead, their stronghold on Dorsetshire Hill was stormed and taken. Chatoyer (Commander-in-chief of the Caribs) was killed, but fighting continued. To the Leeward, the English burnt Chateaubelair, then in the hands of the French and the Caribs but to the Windward, the Caribs were gaining successes at Arnos Vale, Villa, Belmont and Fair Hall. The month of March marked the peak of the battle. April and May saw the Caribs retreating and rallying to attack again. They were being pushed further and further north, driven back from Vigie, Mount Young and Grand Sablé, successively.

In June, the French captured St. Lucia, a neighbouring island, from the English and the Caribs took heart, and gained some successes at Vigie and Kingstown. At the beginning of the next year 1796, however, St. Lucia again fell into English hands and the Caribs were not only weakened, but now had to face the additional forces which were released to attack them. In June, Abercromby came and set in operation a very detailed campaign. Soon the Caribs sent a flag of truce, and offered to surrender. By October over 5,000 had surrendered. They were sent to Balliceaux and later to Roatan Island in the Bay of Honduras, and to the Spanish Main. Those who remained in St. Vincent retired to a reservation in the North of the island, where they were allowed to remain as British subjects, but without the right to buy land or to produce sugar which was the chief cash crop of the Islands.

There still remain, however, monuments to their occupation of the island—the famous Carib altar at Rutland Vale, with its markings yet to be deciphered, and the numerous legends of their courage and bravery, of their simplicity and austerity, and of their rude democracy and their great love of freedom for which the race suffered extinction.

EXTRACTED FROM CAMPS IN THE CARIBBEES—A MISADVENTURE

How similar has been the fate of the Caribs to that of the Seminoles of the Southern States! At the beginning of the present century, the latter were peaceful and happy, cultivating their gardens with an intelligence that shows them to have been superior people. They too, were driven to war, stripped of their property, and hunted by white troops. Their resistance lasted for seven years, but in the end, nearly all were captured and transported far from their homes. Of them a remnant lingers in the hunting-grounds of their fathers, engaged, like the present Carib, in agricultural pursuits. With them, too, the negro found a home, married with them, and to them communicated the curse of his race.

The memory of the war of his ancestors stirred Captain George to wild song, and his daughters danced in the moonlight while he made music on a drum hollowed from a log and covered with cow-skin, chanting the while a song, of which I can remember but two lines:

"Neech-i-goo, bah-li, boo ni,

Leh-bi-chi, wei-i-ga-mah, ah-wah-si."

He attended me to my cabin, late in the evening, and as he had imbibed freely of distilled cane-juice (vulgarly known as rum) he was very confidential, and communicated to me the important secret that, in a cave on one of the islands to which the Caribs were transported, there was a treasure. Of the exact nature of this "treasure" he did not inform me, but left me to infer that it might be gold, or might be of value only to the archaeologist. To this latter opinion I was inclined when told that it belonged to the oldest Indian of the nation, who, rather than allow it to be taken by the English, buried it in the cave. I inferred from this that it must be of the nature of a charm or token, such as the Indians, when living in primitive simplicity, carried about them.

Nearly three months later I visited the island where the Caribs had been incarcerated previous to their transportation, and as my discovery there strongly verifies my Indian friend's story, it may be as well in this connection to relate my adventures during that short trip.

The island of Balliceaux, the scene of Carib captivity, is about twelve miles from St. Vincent, and is one of the northernmost of the chain of islands and islets known as the Grenadines. It is about a mile in length and perhaps an eighth in breadth, rocky and dry, covered for the most part with a sparse growth of trees. It is owned entirely by one of the largest land proprietors in St. Vincent, Mr. Cheesman, who has stocked it with goats, guinea-fowl, and deer, intending it as

a preserve, to which he occasionally resorts for sport with friends.

As his guest, in company with a dozen more valiant Scotchmen and Creoles, I left the blue hills of St. Vincent, one morning in February for Balliceaux. We landed from the drogher on a sandy beach, above which dropped a solitary palm, and wended our way to the comfortable house, where we were met by the manager, and to which, later, our store of provender was transported. Our generous host understood well the art of entertaining guests, though it is almost superfluous to say this of any West Indian, either adopted or to the manor born, and as soon as our feet touched the soil of his preserve we felt the truth of his assurance, that all was ours as well as his.

I searched the shore for traces of the Caribs, but was unrewarded save by a few shards of pottery; however, I was promised a guide for the morrow, who could pilot me to a sepulchre of skulls. Alas! that morrow did not bring its promised pleasure, and those skulls may yet linger for some other explorer, for aught I know to the contrary.

Close in sight, about two miles distant, rose the islet of Battowia. It was little more than a huge rock several hundred feet in height, and clad with vegetation on its western slope. In the eastern cliffs was the cave which some of the Indians had occupied, and which we desired to explore. After early coffee the morning succeeding our arrival at Balliceaux, three of us embarked in a "Moses-boat" for Battowia.

The Moses-boat is a peculiarly strong boat built for transporting sugar and other heavy freight through the heavy surf on the eastern shore. In shape it is something like the famous craft in which those "three wise men of Gotham" departed on their sea-voyage. It is very bouyant, and owes its great strength to numerous knees and thick planking. Regarding its name, whether it was named for Moses the great "lawgiver", or for the man who built the first kind, will forever remain a mystery.

In the Moses-boat we embarked: the sea was smooth, and we made the passage without mishap. There were four of us "buckras," or white men, and an equal number of negroes. The negroes pulled the boat, and the whites encouraged the negroes, and withal we made a very satisfactory voyage. Having secured the boat a little way from the shore, we marched up the slope toward the summit. Our host had provided a substantial breakfast, to be eaten at the cave, and the men staggered under divers

kinds of nourishment contained in bottles with wired corks, a tub of ice and other necessities. Soon the bushes grew so thickly that we were obliged to "cutlass" our way, and took turns in cutting out a path with the great, sword-like knives of the blacks. It was hot, weary work, and we made slow progress. C. started up a great iguana, quite five feet in length, which was basking on the rocks. Part of our party got lost in the thick growth, and this delayed us so that it was well toward noon when we arrived at the ridge and felt the cool breezes from the east.

After a light lunch, we scattered down the cliffs in search of the cave. A whoop from one of our attendants drew us half-way down the precipice, where we were introduced to a deep fissure-like hole in the rock, hidden by trees. Crawling carefully over the loose rock, three hundred feet above the surf beating at the base of the cliff, we entered the cave and prepared to explore it. A glance showed that it led in large not deep, and we soon found that it led in only a hundred feet before the crevice grew so narrow that it could not be followed; but we were satisfied that it led down to the sea as we could distinctly hear the booming of the waves.

Along each side of the cave were hollows, evidently artificial, begimed with smoke, as though they had been used as fireplaces. We found no living things but bats and tarantulas; the former flew about in great numbers. While my companions were engaged in the farther end of the cave, I groped among the loose fragments of stone near the mouth, where, one of the men told me, an Indian chair had been found some fifteen years before. Carefully displacing the stone chippings, I at last found what seemed to be an image of stone; but scraping with a knife revealed that it was of wood. It was a grotesque, four inches long and two and one-half broad, curiously carved. Two holes, a quarter of an inch in diameter, were bored through back and breast; the back, upper part of the head, and the throat, were covered with incised figures, and the eyes carefully carved hollows, as if for the reception of some foreign substance.

There is little doubt that this image once belonged to an Indian living many years ago. I choose to consider it a *tema*, having as my authority the account given in Irving's "Columbus," of the finding of similar objects by the Spaniards, among the natives of Haiti. This relic of antiquity was undoubtedly taken by the Caribs from their enemies of Haiti, and brought here by the queen, or it may have belonged to a native of the island, being among the Caribs. The same old negro who found the "statue" was of our party, but he could not afford any further light except to say, "He find him bring an image."

Beneath the cave, a hundred feet farther down the cliff, was a grotto sparkling with lime crystals. In descending to this, we found some great birds, which are seldom seen except high in the air, sailing above the ocean, the Tropic-birds; and they sat so quietly upon the shelves of the cliff, permitting us to approach, that at first we took them for young birds. We soon were convinced that they were adult birds by finding some eggs beneath them, and by the strength of their powerful beaks as they pecked at us when we inserted our hands into their retreats to pull them out. Dotted the cliff here and there, and but two cylindrical feathers each, fluttering in the picture spread before us from the ridge.

At the summit, where we had left our lunch, we exerted ourselves to finish the contents of baskets and bottles, and so successful were we that nothing was left to burden our men down the slope but a few chicken-bones and a little water. Then we hastened down to the shore, anxious to join our friends on the other island, and rejoicing in our good luck.

As we turned the great rock which hid the little cove in which the boat had been left, we were greeted by a loud cry: "De boat done mash, sah!" A fact we verified a few minutes later; for there floated the boat, its rail just above water, thumping on the rocks.

It was growing late, and there was no time to be lost. Our men stripped and plunged into the water and commenced bailing the boat, but it was labor thrown away; then, by direction of Mr. C., they hauled the boat up upon the pebbles of the narrow beach at the base of the cliff, and turned her over—no easy work—and we were all obliged to assist. As the heavy boat came down, bottom up, it caught the ankle of the manager and wedged it fast against a rock. In releasing him, and hauling the boat into position we all got wet; but this did not dampen our spirits. Pieces of board were nailed on with nails extracted from fragments of a wreck, pants and shirts were torn up and calked into the seams, together with such moss as we could find, and then when we launched the boat again, with four men at the oars and two men bailing, and started.

We had not gone a gun-shot from shore before the water was up to the thwarts, and the boat fast sinking. The seas met and howled, running up to the rocks in huge, white-crested breakers, and it became evident that we could not possibly survive the passage across. Reluctantly, our captain gave the order to go back; we reached the little beach just as the water touched the rail, jumped out and waded ashore. Some sharks, whose triangular fins we could see cutting the water outside the rocks, were evidently dis-

appointed, and manifested their disapprobation by darting in close to the boat, much alarming the negroes.

All hope of escape by means of the boat was abandoned, and we turned our attention to the prospect of obtaining help from our friends on the other island. A portion of a sail was attached to an oar and held aloft on a high point, as a signal of distress. It was nearly dark by this time and the hour for dinner, for the preparation of which Mr. C's cook had been all day busy. We turned to our stores and discovered nothing but the chicken-bones and a tin of sardines. There was not a drink of water apiece, and we reverted regretfully to those bottles we had emptied so lavishly a few hours before.

Darkness inclosed us, and we sought a couch on the bank; my gamebasket served me for a pillow, as it had often done before, and a heap of grass for a bed. Fortunately the night was warm and dewless, and had it not been for the groans of Frazer, whose ankle was badly crushed, we should have slept soundly; as it was, we lay awake most of the time and counted the stars.

Very late in the evening we were aroused by a shouting, and became aware that our friends had sought us. They had all embarked on the drogher, after becoming satisfied that some accident had befallen us, and after anchoring off our island, had sent a boat to seek for us. The night was pitchy dark, and the heavy seas clashed so fearfully that to attempt a landing would have been certain disaster; so we warned our friends back, to wait for us till morning.

AN HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF KINGSTOWN (1700-1900)

By EBENEZER DUNCAN.

It was the French who laid the foundation of Kingstown; but events, incidental to the history of the town and prior to the entry of the French into the area, successively occurred producing their effect in various ways.

It happened that by 1719 a rumour was in circulation in parts of England that a terrible eruption of the volcano in St. Vincent had resulted in the island being blown out of existence. The story was invented by sailors who said that while they were in the Caribbean in 1718 the volcano erupted with such dreadful force that the island had disappeared with thunderous sounds heard far away up in Haiti and other northern islands; while the volcanic ash and other debris, shot up in the air, fell as far away south as the mouth of the Orinoco river in South America.

Our voices seemed drowned in the roar of the breakers, but the regular click of the oars grew fainter and fainter, told us that we had been heard. Fraser told us, between his moanings, that sometimes it is impossible to land for weeks, just about this season of the year, and we fell to calculating upon the chances of subsisting upon iguanas and wild goats for a few days, notwithstanding the proximity of our friends. On the morrow, however, we safely embarked, though hungry, weary, and exceedingly thirsty. Our more fortunate companions had indeed devoured the dinner, while we were fasting on that desert rock, but there yet remained sufficient to stay our needs; and they coaxed us with toddies and punches and brisk champagne, until we forgot our trials and remembered only our triumphs.

Ever memorable will be that night on the beach—the second time in a twelvemonth I had fallen victim to Neptune's rage—as that in which I for the first time saw the Southern Cross. As the night waned, and the cross assumed an upright position upon the horizon, there came to mind that passage from the saddest romances, in which the old servant warns Paul and Virginia of the approach of midnight, as indicated by the position of the cross. That glorious constellation, watched by the hapless lovers in the far-off Mauritius, I saw gleaming above the Caribbean Sea, north of and nearer the equator, as I lay upon the beach. By a rare coincidence, it hung in the sky above a cathedral-shaped rock known to the natives as Church Island.

But just when the false rumour was on its wing, in 1719, a fighting force of Frenchmen from Martinique invaded the island; but they had such a hard time from the island Caribs that those who were not killed were glad to get back to Martinique as best they could. But while those events were taking place other things were happening in England in relation to St. Vincent. King George II was being influenced to grant the island (along with other islands) to the Duke of Montague. Matters proved favourable to Montague, and in 1722 he was able to send an expedition under Captain Uring with instructions to set up settlements in the islands granted to him. The Caribs in St. Lucia proved too hostile at Uring's attempt at settlement there; so quitting the island in disappointment he dispatched two of his ships under Captain

boat or boats, they bought slaves at varying prices for men, women and children. The crackling of whips by drivers of ox-drawn and mule-drawn carts could be heard enlivening the air as these vehicles with heavy lumbering wheels moved along Bay Street and later left for their journey (of many miles in most cases) with batches of slaves for various estates.

Or it might be a day when, as some sailing ship from America is about to land mules for the estates, a schooner sails round Cane Garden Point making for anchorage in the harbour with its cargo of sugar and molasses from the Windward estates, the sailors lustily singing:—

"Past seven rivers

Alla zoombai,

Bound fo' Ooashegunny bay

Alla zoombai."

or some other sailor-song of the time. Landing and storing the huge hogsheads of sugar and puncheons of molasses took place on the bay front, and sailors, glad ashore, would rush off to the Middle Street rum shops where getting into discussions, they were sometimes led to rowdy behaviour.

The new mules certainly made their contribution to "life" in the town, as overseers on horses rode off behind groups of the fresh untamed animals some of them prancing and kicking out in all directions, while sweating slaves—men and boys—with ropes endeavoured to keep the animals under control as they were led or driven out of town on their way to the estates.

A lively day with far-reaching inspiration to the town-folk was that on which a new English Governor was to be sworn in. Swearing-in ceremonies of Governors in early times had their peculiar affect on the people witnessing the ceremonies, which, however were neither as colourful nor inspiring as the ceremonies which took place after the building of the Court House as, for instance, the swearing-in of the Governor Sir G. Fitz-Gerald Hill, in 1831. All preparations for a religious service were made at the Church of England. The Legislative Council Chamber in the Court House was made ready for the grand occasion. Guards and gate-keepers were early at their post at the entrance to the Court House. At the appointed time the bells of the church rang till the arrival of the Governor with a mounted military escort in brilliant costume. Guards watched from the windows of the two Guard-rooms at the Court House purposely projected onto the sidewalk—one on each side of the triple-entrance gate. They could see when the Governor's coach drove out of the church gate and headed eastward for the Court House.

Soon the whisper went round: "They are coming," and everyone got on the alert. The

gate-keepers stood at attention with the gate wide open, and there was no confusion as the mounted escort and the Governor and others in showy horse-drawn carriages passed through the central entrance of the gate, the two side entrances being reserved for people entering on foot. After inspecting the military guard of honour in Court House yard, the Governor entered the Council Chamber for the oath-taking ceremony. In those days Church and State moved hand in hand in all public ceremonies.

Erection of the Court House began at the end of the eighteenth century. The business of the Law Courts and of the Legislature had been carried on in buildings left by the French; but in 1798 the Assembly passed a resolution for erecting the Court House on the site then occupied by the French buildings. Construction started and the new building was ultimately ready for use. It was designed to accommodate the Courts of Law on the lower floor, while the upper floor was appointed not only for His Majesty's Courts of the Legislature but was so fitted up as to be also a place for public entertainment—balls, lectures, concerts, etc. There was erected a roomy stage at the western end of the floor. The large area on which the House stands was enclosed by stone and brick walls supporting iron rails spaced with lamp posts (a few of which are still standing). Each lamp post held a large lamp for illuminating the grounds in times of public entertainment. There were also two larger lamps supported on brackets overhead at the triple-entrance gate.

The town grew from east to west, and when Governor Brisbane arrived (at the beginning of the 19th century) there were no permanent erections on St. George's Place. Acting on the Governor's advice or instruction the town authorities prohibited the erection of houses on the edge of the street so as to allow guards posted at the entrance of the Court House gate to see when the pageantry in connection with any celebration began to move from the gate of the Church.

One day in 1780 Kingstown with the rest of the island was visited by a terrible hurricane and the Anglican Church was among the many buildings destroyed. It is not clear what make-shift arrangements there were for holding church services during many years following; but it was left for Governor Sir Charles Brisbane to make the moves resulting in the erection of St. George's Cathedral which was opened by consecration in 1820 and has since, with additions and embellishments, become the Cathedral Church of St. George, whose beautiful interior with its restful devotional arrangements easily reminds visitors of the Psalmist's words:

"How lovely are thy courts, O Lord of hosts!"

The nearby Methodist Church is a tall and substantial brick-built edifice possessing many points of beauty which arouse the admiration of visitors. It was opened in 1841, but has been subjected to external and internal improvements subsequent to partial damage it had sustained in the 1898 hurricane, with still some later minor improvements.

In 1875 a hurricane accompanied by flood destroyed the Roman Catholic Church which was built on the east bank of the North River. The present Church, on the same site, has been constructed in sections, over a period of years. The Church and its nearby presbytery are a block of buildings exhibiting more than one style of architecture, the most artistic being the Romanesque style which greatly enhances the beauty of the block. The French who were Roman Catholics had already built a church in Barrouallie, when with permission from the Caribs they started a settlement laying the foundation of Kingstown; but they seem not to have secured a site for a Kingstown church up to the time when war unexpectedly halted their operations.

Under English rule French priests were subjected to severe restrictions resulting from bitter religious strife in England and Europe in those days. In the Royal Instructions to Governors the King of England strictly charged each Governor to "promote religion in the plantations, settlements and colonies in accordance with the teachings of the established Church of England". Under these circumstances therefore, the Church of England had the privilege of being amply provided with land in Kingstown on which to erect their sacred edifice. But it was not so with the Roman Catholics; it was only after the passage in England of the Catholic Emancipation Bill that they were able to squeeze themselves in on a narrow spot on the eastern bank of the stream known as North River. The Methodists seem to have had some friends influential enough to secure the possession of two more desirable spots on one of which they erected their church and on the other their Mission House.

It was thus seen that the three churches came to be near each other not by design, but by sheer accident.

Erection of residential and other houses in the town continued at a steady rate during the years "when Sugar was King". Residences with large drawing-rooms and dining rooms were the order of the day. That was a necessity, as the hall-marks of society were evenings of sumptuous dinners with dancing and "gaming" (gambling) when large numbers of friends came together. When top-notch dances were too large for the house the Court House was used;

the two powerful lights over the gate with the many others flaring from their position on the rails, together brightened the Court yard where groups of persons would promenade or sit on cribs to chat.

But there was as yet no commercial bank. Immediately before emancipation the planters were given twenty million pounds as abolition compensation which resulted in a sudden increase in money circulation. Attracted by the now bright condition, a number of influential men in England launched the "Colonial Bank" under the Royal Charter from King Williams IV. Looking well into the future the originators of the Bank got the idea that great benefits could be conferred upon the West Indian colonies through the establishment of a good banking system; and so it came to pass that in 1837 a branch of the Colonial Bank was set up in Kingstown. Probably encountering difficulty in getting suitable premises, the agents of the Bank conferred with the Government, with the result Government House in the town was acquired for the Bank. An interesting feature of the purchase transaction was the turning over to the Bank the Chatoyer pirate's iron chest which, kept at Government House, was in Government's possession from the time of its capture by the English in 1795. After many useful years in the Bank's service the chest was shipped to England. With the Governor's residence in Kingstown sold, Government House at Montrose was speedily repaired, and the Governor moved into it.

By the middle of the nineteenth century Kingstown had the appearance of a compact community. There were "Dry Goods" stores; grocery shops; cook shops; tailor shops; tin-smith, gold-smith and blacksmith shops; wheat bread bakeries; bread and cake shops, and a commercial bank—the Colonial Bank. The churches were crowded on Sundays, especially at night, although the streets were but dimly lit by kerosene oil lamps. Three church elementary schools and a Grammar School were in existence; and carpenters, masons, coopers and seamstresses were all earning their livelihood as respectable members of the community. But owing to the general depression that overtook the colonies in the West Indies business generally was dull. Wages were meagre. As examples there were in Kingstown printers who as compositors worked for 6.00 and 8.00 dollars per month. Pupil teachers got 6/8 and 8/4 (1.60 and 2.00) per month. Women weeding grass off the streets in the town were paid 4d or 5d (8 cents or 10 cents) per day. On the other hand butchers in the market sold beef at 4d (8 cents) per pound and pork at 6d (12 cents) per pound. Eggs were sold any where in town at one cent each. At the stores a man's pair of

shoes could be had for 5/- (\$1.20) and ladies dress materials for church and other special occasions were bought at 8 cents per yard. A month's wage in case of dry goods clerks ranged from \$6.00 to \$14.00. But everybody appeared cheerful.

By this time a great change in society life had taken place. Gone was the happy-go-lucky spirit of the days when Sugar brought riches to the Planters, and when merchants were joyous over bright trade. In the new atmosphere created by emancipation life in the community was much changed in character. Society, now tamer, became highlighted by secular and sacred concerts held in the Court House and the Churches as well as by cricket, loved by everybody; while tea meetings and singing meetings found favour in the humbler circles. Kingstown could then boast of a number of good concert

singers and good, sometimes excellent, cricketers; and many were the occasions on which large crowds of town-folk enjoyed the delights of cricket played on Victoria Park, important matches being rounded off with a big "Cricket-ers' Dance" at night in the Court House. Cottage dances with music largely of fife, fiddle and tambourine proved sources of enjoyment among the populace. When needed classical music was supplied by the "Police Band" or the "Kingstown Orchestra". In spite of small wages and low prices the inhabitants of the town were always happy and quiet except on the few occasions when there was agitation against proposal for confederation, and shouts of "no union", "no confederation" could be heard as crowds, including country folk, paraded the town....

ASHTON WARNER'S ACCOUNT OF SLAVERY.

I was born in the island of St. Vincent and baptized by the name of Ashton Warner, in the parish church, by the Rev. Mr. Gildon. My father and mother, at the time of my birth, were slaves on Cane Grove estate, in Bucumar Valley, then the property of Mr. Ottley.

The estate of Cane Grove was in a deep valley, near the sea shore. Mr. Wilson's house stood upon the brow of the hill, and overlooked the whole sugar plantation. He had about three hundred slaves, and was considered one of the severest masters in the whole island.

The manager put me under the charge of John, the cooper. He was a black man, and a slave. But he was very cruel to those of his own colour who were placed under him. I had not been with him many days before he gave me a proof of this. He ordered me to go to the plantation and cut a bundle of faggots from some trees which had been lately felled. This was at noon, when the sun was at the hottest. Owing to the great heat I was a long time making up my bundle. When I brought it home, he was angry with me because I had not cut more, and said that he knew that I had been playing and idling away my time, instead of minding my work. I told him that I had worked as hard as I could, but the heat was so great that I had no strength to chop more. He seized hold of me, and, holding me fast with one hand, he took a piece of wood from the bundle, and struck me over the head again and again, till I was quite stunned with the pain, and the blood flowed from the wound.

I went crying to the manager, and complained of the cooper's cruelty. He was not so harsh a

man as John, and he told him that he had done wrong; for he knew that Mr. Wilson did not wish me to be treated severely. This was not from any liking he had to me above the rest of the slaves; but Mr. Wilson, having no just claim to me, was fearful that ill-usage would induce me to make my escape. I did not suspect this then but I knew it when I grew older.

After John had treated me in this way, I went to live with a slave on the estate called Ben. I slept at his place, and only worked with John, in the cooper's yard, during the day.

Mr. Wilson went away suddenly to England and left me to the care of Mr. Donald, his manager, and Mr. Dalzell, his attorney, who always treated me very well though I was still held unjustly as a slave. But some time afterwards Mr. Donald was discharged from the estate, because he had not made enough of sugar; and it was reported by some person to Mr. Wilson that he was too indulgent to the slaves, and did not work them hard enough. Another manager came in his place, called Mr. John M'Fie, who was a very severe task-master, and worked the slaves much harder.

Under him my condition became considerably worse. One day he sent and called me to his house, and said that as there was not sufficient job-work for me about the homestead I must take a hoe and join the field-gang. If the sentence of death had been passed upon me, I could not have felt more stunned. I shall never forget it! I knew that if I was sent to the field it would make me destroy myself, for it is always counted by slaves who have been

above it, the worst of all punishments—the lowest step of disgrace to be placed in the field-gang.

It is a dreadful state of slavery. I had often seen it. I may say that I have felt it, though never in my own person. God mercifully saved me that trial. I declared before Almighty God that I would far rather die than submit to it; and, when the manager threatened to send me to the field, I felt so ill and so desperate that I did not care for life. But I did not answer a word. If I had spoken my thoughts, he would have had me flogged on the spot, I turned away in silence, with the salt water in my eyes. He saw that it would not do to drive me desperate, and he soon sent after me and ordered me to another salt.

On another occasion, when something had offended him, Mr. M'Fie once more threatened to send me to the field; but he never went so far as actually to force me to take the hoe. Had he done so, I can scarcely tell what would have been the consequence. I think it would have been my destruction.

As I have spoken of the condition of the field slaves as being so much worse than that of the mechanics among whom I was ranked on the estate, I shall here endeavour to describe the manner in which the field gang were worked on Cane Grove estate.

They were obliged to be in the field before five o'clock in the morning; and, as the slave houses were the distance of from three to four miles from the cane pieces, they were generally obliged to rise as early as four o'clock, to be at their work on time. The driver is first in the field, and call the slaves together by cracking the whip or blowing the conch shell. Before five o'clock the overseer calls over the roll, and if any of the slaves are so unfortunate as to be late, even by a few minutes, which owing to the distance is often the case, the driver flogs them as they come in, with the cart-whip, or with a scourge of tamarind rods.

In the cultivation of the canes the slaves work in a row. Each person has a hoe, and the women are expected to do as much as the men. This work is so hard that any slave, newly put to it, in the course of a month becomes so weak that often he is totally unfit for labour. If he falls back behind the rest, the driver keeps forcing him up with the whip.

They work from five o'clock to nine, when they are allowed to sit down for half an hour in the field, and take such food as they have been able to prepare overnight. But many have no food ready, and so fast till mid-day. They go to work again directly after half an hour's respite, and labour till twelve o'clock, when they leave off for dinner.

They are allowed two hours of mid-day inter-

mission out of crop time and an hour and a half in crop time. During this interval every slave must pick up a bundle of grass to bring home for the cattle at night. The grass grows in tufts, often scattered over a great space of ground, and, when the season is dry, it is very scarce and withered, so that the slaves collect it slowly with difficulty, and are often employed most of the time allowed them for mid-day rest, in seeking for it. I have frequently known them occupied the whole two hours in collecting it.

They work again in gang from two till seven o'clock. It is then dark. When they return home the overseer calls over the roll, and demands of every man and woman their bundles of grass. He weighs with his hand each bundle as it is given in, and, if it be too light, the person who presents it is either instantly laid down and flogged severely with the cart-whip, or is put into the stocks for the whole night. If the slaves bring home no grass, they are not only put into the stocks all night, but are more severely flogged next morning. This grass-picking is a very sore grievance to the field slaves.

When they are manuring the ground, the slaves are forced to carry the wet manure in open baskets upon their heads. This is most unpleasant as well as severe work. It is a usual occupation for wet weather, and the moisture from the manure drips constantly down upon the faces and over the body and clothes of the slaves. They are forced to run with their loads as fast as they can; and, if they flag, the driver is instantly at their heels with the cart-whip.

The crop-time usually commences in January and lasts till June, and, if the season is wet, till July. During this season every slave must bring in a bundle of cane-tops for the cattle, instead of a bundle of grass. They then go immediately to the sugar-works, where they have to take up the megass which was spread out at nine o'clock in the morning to dry for fuel to boil the sugar. This megass is the stalks of the cane after the juice has been squeezed out by the mill. The slaves are employed till ten at night in gathering in the megass, that it may not be wetted with the dew and rendered unfit for immediate use. The overseer then calls over the roll, and issues orders for a certain spell of them to be up and at the works at one o'clock in the morning. After this the slaves have to prepare their suppers, for, if they have no very aged parents or friends belonging to them, they must do this themselves, which occupies them another hour.

Every creature that is capable of work must take a part in the labours of the crops; and no person remains at home but those who are

totally unfit for work. Slaves who are too old and weak to go to the field have to make up bundles of megassa, cut grass for the stock, etc.

During this season all the mechanics on the estate are employed to pot the sugar; carpenters, masons, and rum-distillers, even the pasture-boys who tend the cattle are called to assist. To the little people are given small tubs to carry the sugar into the curing house, and the grown-up slaves have shovels to fill the tubs for them. When employed in potting the sugar, we did not leave off to get our breakfast till ten or eleven o'clock, and I have known it mid-day before we have tasted food.

The whole gang of field slaves is divided into spells, and every man and woman able to work has not only to endure during croptime the severe daily labour, but to work half the night also, or three whole nights in the week. The work is very severe, and great numbers of the slaves, during this period, sink under it and become ill. But if they complain their complaints are not readily believed, or are considered only a pretence to escape from labour. If they are so very ill that their inability to work can be no longer doubted, they are at length sent to the sick-house.

The sick-house is just like a pen to keep pigs in. If you wish to keep yourself clean and decent you cannot. It is one of the greatest punishments of the slaves to be sent there. When we were hard pressed, and had much sugar to pot, the manager would often send to the sick-house for the people who were sick or lame with sores to help us. If they refused to come and said that they were unable to work, they were taken down and severely flogged by the manager's order with the cart-whip. There is nothing in slavery harder to bear than this. When you are ill and cannot work, your pains are made light of, and your complaints neither listened to nor believed.

I have seen people who were so sick that they could scarcely stand, dragged out of the sick-house, and tied up to a tree and flogged in a shocking manner, then driven with the whip to the work. I have seen slaves in this state crawl away, and lie down among the wet trash to get a little ease, though they knew that it would most likely cause their death.

The quantity of food allowed the slaves is from two pounds and a half to three pounds of salt-fish per week, for each grown person. They could easily eat this in two days, but they must make it last till they receive a fresh allowance from the overseer.

The rest of their food they raise upon their provision grounds. The owner gives to each slave from thirty to forty feet square of ground; not the best ground, but such as has been over-cropped, and is no longer productive for canes.

This is taken from them the next year, when, by manuring and planting with yams and other things, it has been brought round and recovered strength for the cultivation of sugar. The slaves are likewise permitted to cultivate waste pieces of ground, and the headlands of fields, that are unfit for planting. They work this ground every Sunday.

It is generally given to them in March or April, and it is taken away in December or January.

Besides the Sunday, they get part of twenty-six Saturdays, out of crop-time, to cultivate their grounds. What I mean by saying that they get only part of these Saturdays is this—that they are employed in their master's work, such as carrying out trash, etc. from five to ten o'clock in the forenoon; and in the evening they must bring each his bundle of grass to deliver as usual at the calling of the lists, so that about seven hours, even of the day which is called their own is occupied with their owner's work. They are obliged to work on these days at the provision grounds if they wish ever so much for a holiday. If they are absent when the overseer inspects the grounds, they are flogged or put in the stocks.

The grounds produce plantains, yams, potatoes pumpkins, calabashes etc.

On the Sunday, at every town a market is held in which the slaves are allowed to sell the produce of their grounds. Those that can save a little money buy a pig and fatten it, that, in case of any death happening among their friends, they may sell the pig to provide a few necessities for the funeral.

In building their houses, they are allowed as much board as will form a window and door. They go to the woods and cut wild canes to form the walls and the roof. The huts are thatched with cane-trash or tops.

For clothing, the owner gives to each slave in the year six yards of blue stuff called bamboo, and six yards of brown. The young people and children are given a less allowance, in proportion to their size and age; the young children getting only a small strip to tie round the waist.

For bed-clothing, they give them only a blanket once in four or five years, and they are obliged to wear this till it falls to pieces.

If the slaves require other clothes, they must buy them out of their own little savings.

Many of the field slaves are badly off for clothing. A good many are always to be seen with only a rag of cloth round their loins in all weathers.

People so hardly, so harshly treated, and so destitute of every comfort, cannot be supposed to work with a willing mind. They have no home which they can well call their own. They are worked beyond their strength, and live in

perpetual fear of the whip. They are insulted, tormented, and indecently exposed and degraded; yet some English people wonder that they are not contented. Some have even said that they are happy! Let such people place themselves for a few minutes under the same yoke, and see if they could bear it. Such bondage is ruin both to the soul and body of the slave; and I hope every good Englishman will daily pray to God that the yoke of slavery may soon be broken from off the necks of my unfortunate countrymen for ever.

SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC PROBLEMS IN THE WINDWARD ISLANDS, 1838-65.

BY WOODVILLE MARSHALL.

What most of these Negro labourers wanted (after emancipation) was the unfettered opportunity to cultivate their own lands and to pursue their own interests. Consequently, the "irksome" character of labour-rent and conditional tenancy acted as spurs to their defection from estate labour, and aggravated the condition of labour relations. In a free society, the majority of labourers could be kept easily and contentedly on the estates only by the operation of the incentives of kind treatment, secure tenancy, fair wages and the freedom to dispose of their labour. The obvious reform, therefore, was the separation of labour from rent, and the institution of moderate money rent and unconditional labour contracts. Such a reform was more likely than any other system both to create a reservoir of potential labour in an estate tenantry and to stabilize the labour market by "doing away" as Stipendiary Magistrate Roach said, "with ceaseless complaints and bickerings" and by allowing labour to seek the best market and employers to recruit and retain only what labour they required. But these suggestions were entertained only in a few cases; "the old leaven of slavery", as Bennett said, still worked "in the planters' brain" to prevent any such modification of traditional patterns.

The labourers reacted to this coercive policy by withdrawing in large numbers from regular estate labour—and sometimes from estate labour altogether. Since the planters' policy was obviously designed to limit rather than consolidate the Negroes' freedom, it devolved on the Negroes to seek to establish the primacy of their own interests. The fluctuation and decline in the amount of labour given to the estates were, therefore, a reflection of the

Negroes' efforts and the limited success in attaining this objective. The determination was expressed in a variety of ways. Firstly, many women and children left estate labour. The husbands' houses "comfortable" and to tend their provision grounds. Secondly, despite the opposition of the planters, a substantial portion of the labour force either emigrated permanently to Trinidad or participated in the seasonal migrations during the crop to exploit the high wages which were being paid in that island; and this "systematic emigration", as Hincks described it in 1861, continued throughout the period. Thirdly, an increasing number of labourers sought employment away from the sugar estates. There was a significant increase in the number of persons employed in the various trades, in shopkeeping, fishing, charcoal manufacture, firewood and logwood cutting, and in cocoa and arrowroot production. Fourthly and most important, a substantial minority of the labourers succeeded in establishing an existence almost completely independent of the estates on the basis of possession of fairly extensive portions of leasehold and freehold land. This was the emergence of the peasantry which represented the Negroes' fullest exploitation of the opportunities offered by their emancipation.

This combination of factors produced a sharp decline both in the amount of labour given to the estates and in the numerical strength of the traditional labour force. The independent or semi-independent status of the smallholders and peasants rendered regular estate labour a secondary consideration, a supplementary support of their new freedom. They worked on the estates in their "spare time" and not only when the estates required their services. The residents, for their part, sought every means to escape their contractual obligations: they tried to secure the financial advantages of non-resident labour without technically becoming non-resident; they gave priority in cultivation to their own gardens. The nine-hour day was progressively reduced to seven and occasionally to six hours by the labourers; and irregularity in attendance deprived the estates of at least a third of the labour of their gangs. This "inconvenience" to the planters was greatly increased by the simultaneous numerical decline of the labour force. At a conservative estimate, the estates lost completely about a third of their labour force in the first decade of the period, and only fairly substantial immigration prevented this proportion from rising to about a half by the end of the period as a result of the continuous emigration and the expansion of the peasant and smallholding classes.

The planters' reaction to these serious

problems revealed once again the pernicious character and effect of their habituation. This habituation had been created mainly by the character of the social and economic organisation of the recent past, but, at the same time, an additional degree of irresponsibility had been induced by the existence of general absentee ownership and the colonial-commercial connection to Britain. Both of these effectively inhibited self-criticism among the planters and provided a pretext for their inaction; the planters could assert shrilly and perpetually that factors operating outside of the islands or outside their own control were mainly if not solely responsible for the decline in the sugar industry. They refused to recognize even a partial responsibility for the existing situation, and they failed to realize that they could significantly improve this situation and their own fortunes by their own efforts and initiative. Rather, they saw the causes of the industry's misfortunes in British humanitarian and commercial policy and in the natural "apathy and indolence" of their Negro labour force. Therefore, they sat on their ailing *el dorados* waiting for a British parliamentary dispensation—the magic wand that would instantly recall the prosperity of the early eighteenth century. As Miss Cumpston has written, "it was a long habituated outlook, a stabilized reaction for them to lean on outside aid, even to hold out the begging bowl".

For this reason, their own recommendations for the restoration of the stability of the industry were sterile contributions to the discussion since, if implemented, they could only perpetuate an old and sickly condition, not improve it. Continued protection for British West Indian sugar, frequent financial aid from Britain, and, in particular, British assisted and sponsored immigration could provide little more than a respite in the absence of any evidence of the planters' intention to help themselves by instituting the necessary reforms in the structure and organisation of the industry. Yet these were the sum total of their recommendations, and the limit of their unforced awareness of their enveloping problems.

Fortunately, the hard realities of the situation, both at home and in Britain, ensured that the planters' recommendations would never be fully accepted and that consequently other avenues of development would at least be explored. The Free Traders finally carried the day despite the efforts of Lord George Bentinck and the gallant "last stand of the West Indian interest" though there was the small consolation prize for the planters of postponement of full equalization of the sugar duties until 1854. Financial aid never amounted to much: the islands were too small and insignificant to merit great attention from the Colonial Office; and

private capital had found more profitable fields of investment in railway construction, etc. But a few crumbs of comfort were offered by the British Government in the form of parliamentary loans during and after the crisis of 1846–8. Finally, and most important for the planters, the islands could not afford and, therefore, never received that substantial immigration which would have created the conditions of dependent labour which the planters required and which alone would have justified the massive expenditure. Nor could the planters make a sound case of immigrant labour; wages remained low, the tenancy regulations remained harsh, and partly in consequence, there was continuous emigration. Immigration into the Windwards was, therefore, "like putting water into a sieve," as a Colonial Office memo declared in 1835. Most of the 11,000 immigrants which arrived during the period never conferred any lasting benefit on the sugar industry; some emigrated, and many of the others escaped the estates for smallholding activity as soon as their contracts expired.

The general failure forced the planters to find other solutions for the problems of capital and labour. For most of the period, they ignored all the major reforms that were suggested, and they only managed to introduce, and then only as a short term expedient, one innovation of impressive potential. The attempt to relieve the estates of their indebtedness and encumbrance was not made until the 'fifties and sixties' through the operation of the Encumbered Estates Act; and it was only the extended use of metayage cultivation in all the islands except St. Vincent which provided a partial solution for the problem of capital shortage and labour supply during and after the crisis of 1846–8. But this innovation was robbed of a great part of its relevance by the planters' attitude to it. For them, it remained a stop gap (though it achieved permanence in Tobago), rather than an opportunity for basic re-organisation of the industry and the society through the encouragement of the growth of a class of peasant cane farmers and the separation of cultivation from manufacture. Nevertheless, it was mainly due to metayage, and to a lesser extent, to peasant cane farming and to the few economies in management that were achieved that the sugar industry managed to survive in not too attenuated a form throughout the period.

The main social problem was the problem of the freed Negro; how to bring him fully within the pale of a society which was dominated by rigidly traditionalist and often racist attitudes and values. In short, the problem was that of completing the emancipation of the ex-slaves. The whole society had been "reconstructed",

the fact of emancipation demanded speedy and fundamental adjustment of the planters' attitudes and policies to ensure the transformation of their oligarchic industrial empires into broader-based dynamic societies. The necessity for this transformation was made even more urgent as the period developed by the continuing decline of the sugar industry and more important, by the emergence of a large class of smallholders and peasants, which testified to the general industriousness of the Negroes and to the constructive role they were playing in the community. What was needed, in particular, was the provision both of opportunity for the full participation of the new citizens in all aspects of the community's life, and of those vital social services which would equip the army of new citizens for its new role in society and which, in any case, were its right and due.

This problem, as in economic development, resolved itself into a clash between two diametrically opposed objectives. The majority of the Negroes made it clear from the beginning that they would behave like freemen, not like dependents on the estates: they would consult their own interests first, and they would be vigilant to see that their new rights would not be too seriously infringed upon, even if they could not demand that these rights should be allowed their fullest exercise. Whenever a direct threat to these rights seemed to materialise they wrote petitions and memorials, or they resorted to strike action, or they rioted. In all these actions there was the expression both of a determination to maintain their new status and of a claim for greater consideration and a degree of responsible participation in the society. And, most important of all, the industry and initiative of many of them led to the emergence of a peasantry, which itself offered a dynamic and alternative basis for the development of the society.

These attitudes and objectives naturally clashed with those of the planters. For the latter, emancipation was not a major social revolution; it was a labour problem with an implied and ominous threat to their own social and economic pre-eminence. The maintenance of this position was for them the "true interests" of the society; and consequently every effort was made to perpetuate the policies and the social structure of a past age since these seemed the best guarantee of the existence of the traditional structure. Therefore, the planters used all the considerable influence and power at their command to ensure that their own positions would not be challenged, and that the Negroes should remain almost as subordinate to their former masters as when they were slaves and apprentices.

The planters' power was the irresistible factor

in the situation. This power which was founded on their ownership and control of the major sector of the economy and maintained by an extremely narrow elective franchise and by participation in some of the judicial functions, this case, their own objectives would in large measure be achieved. Consequently, a small class of planters and planters' nominees wielded unchallenged political power throughout the period, and, as far as their abilities would allow them, administered the governmental machine in their own interests. They successfully resisted most of the attempts to loosen their grip, and this success in perpetuating their own selfish and inefficient rule was largely responsible for the backwardness in political, constitutional and social development which has characterised the existence of the Windward Islands. The planters seemed determined not to involve the whole of the population or, at least, a larger section of it, in any of the functions of society except those of estate labour. Though they failed to prevent the emergence of a peasantry, they succeeded in denying it effective political expression.

In the immediate context, neither of the main prerequisites for healthy social development was heeded. Firstly, the vast majority of the Negroes were denied all regular means of political expression while the planter class was confirmed in its oligarchic control. The elective franchise was deliberately kept limited and exclusive by means of high property qualifications and professional status. This was doubly unfortunate. Since most of the franchises made a mockery of the representative principle and practice and since the Assemblies were sadly deficient in able personnel, it would have been both wise and politic if the planters had attempted to repair their deficiencies by involving more of the Negroes and, particularly, the peasantry, in the political life of the islands. The perpetuation of this condition of exclusion helped therefore to ensure the final condemnation and extinction of the Representative System; and it also produced a dangerous degree of frustration among some of the Negroes.

Secondly, little attention was paid to the establishment or extension of the social services, those "objects of great importance" as Sir Charles Edward Grey called them, which were vital to the construction of a new society after a period of slavery. Little revenue was available for this purpose, but what little there was could have been more beneficially applied to the needs of the whole community. But the planters possessed a set of priorities in social and economic policy which had little relation to the objective situation. Fairly substantial sums

of private and public capital were expended on a wide variety of immigration schemes, but only paltry sums were irregularly voted and applied to vital services like the establishment of a Poor Relief system, and the extension or rationalisation of the medical and health services. In particular, the provision of a system of popular education which should have been top priority in a country "but lately emerged from the darkness of slavery into the full light of freedom," received scant attention despite the initial aid provided by the British government and the Mico Charity. Most planters seemed to regard the education of the Negroes as a "positive evil" since it might "impair their usefulness as labourers."

This general situation naturally deepened the frustration and resentment of the Negro population and increased the chances of a violent explosion. When news of the Morant Bay Riot reached the Windward Islands, it was not surprising, therefore, that, at least in St. Vincent, the influential members of the community were alarmed while the Negroes clearly exhibited their sympathy for the rioters' cause. Lieut.

Governor Berkeley of St. Vincent reported in 1866:

There can be little doubt that the sympathies of the lower orders were almost universally enlisted in favour of the malcontents, and it would be hazardous to venture an opinion as to what might have been the effects produced here had a different result befallen the measures adopted for repressing the outbreak in Jamaica.

By the time this crisis signalled the end of a turbulent epoch in West Indian history, it had become clear in the Windward Islands that emancipation was still not complete. The planters still kept and intended to keep the majority of the Negroes in subordinate social, political and economic positions. The possibility of an alternative society, based on the full and direct participation and which the rise of the peasantry had rendered a practical proposition, was not recognized; or, if it was recognized, it was ignored. The rejection condemned the Windward Islands to a long period of stagnation in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries.

A SHORT HISTORY OF EDUCATION IN ST. VINCENT DURING THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

By NORMA KEIZER.

The foundation for a system of universal elementary education in the West Indies was laid when the British government decided to make grants to subsidise elementary education in England. Unfortunately for the West Indies, the building met with many set backs and there was no Industrial Revolution as in Britain to affect the development and expansion of the system.

In the late eighteenth century when the missionaries started their activities in the West Indies, they aimed at making the slaves Christians who would be good slaves contented with their state of servitude. They did this by means of sermons and teaching the slaves to read the Bible so that they could read it daily for guidance as "the Holy Scriptures" were "the only sure foundation of social order, industry and happiness." The few day-schools which were established by the Wesleyans in St. Vincent were for the children of the poor free coloureds. The children of the slaves were not permitted to attend for they could not be spared from work on the estates. For the majority therefore, school was kept on Sundays—the origin of our Sunday Schools. Many

slaves were anxious to learn and so it was done on a basis of each one teach one, that is, those who went to church taught those who did not go. Many did not go because Sunday was the slaves' Market Day and although in some cases that day was changed to Saturday, Sunday Market died hard. There were also Night Schools but slaves were not allowed to leave the estates after 6 p.m.

The planters did not always welcome the activities of the missionaries. They felt that the teachings of Christ could have dangerous consequences which could upset the system of slavery. For one thing the missionaries were teaching the slaves that they were the "brothers" of the whites—their equals. The missionaries were viewed with suspicion by the planters and stringent laws were passed to make it almost impossible for their efforts to be successful.

After the Abolition of Slavery, the aim of educating the ex-slaves was broadened. Besides teaching them to accept their position in life it was hoped that they could be taught how to use their freedom. Rev. J. Sterling in his 1835 Report to the British Government said that it

was imperative that the ex-slaves be educated; "Their performance of the functions of a labouring class in a civilised community will depend entirely on the power over their minds of the same prudential and moral motives which govern more or less the mass of the people here. If they are not so disposed as to fulfil these functions, property will perish in the colonies for lack of human impulsion; the whites will no longer reside there; and liberated negroes themselves will cease to be progressive."

The British Government felt that these missionaries were the most suitable body to assist them in their scheme of educating the Negroes so they were put in charge of the Education Grant. The Methodist Society in St. Vincent received £800 for the 22,997 emancipated slaves. During the first two years it was stipulated that this money be used for the building of schools, the British Government meeting two-thirds of the expense if the societies contributed the rest. The Mico trustees also assisted with the setting up of non-denominational schools.

The 1830's were therefore a period of great educational activity in St. Vincent. The enthusiasm of the ex-slaves was great and encouraged by the missionaries their aspiration was high. The inevitable conflict arose when many ex-slaves looked on education as a means of escape from the hated work on an estate.

In St. Vincent the Methodists established in the early 1830's the Conversion Society and the Society for the Education of the Poor. There were three public schools: one at Layou, one at Barrouallie and the other in Kingstown. The last mentioned was run by Samuel Kirton and Mrs. Louise Spence. There were a few private ones for the children of the aspiring free coloureds and the indigent whites who could not afford to send their children to Europe for their education.

The Society for the Education of the Poor which ran the Kingstown Public School seemed to be very influential, for it received in 1834 the first grant ever made by the local government to education. The amount was £80. This was increased in 1841 to £100 and later to £150. The other schools—about fourteen—managed to survive by collecting a small fee from each of its pupils.

The good intentions of the British government and the missionaries could not be realised in view of the enormous problems of providing schools, equipment and teachers with an inadequate sum of money. While the religious bodies—the established Anglican Church had joined the non-conformist missionaries and the Mico trustees were racking their brains to solve the many problems, Lord John Russell, then Secretary of State for the Colonies dispatched an

ominous note to the colony. In a circular dated 18 March, 1841, he stated that he looked forward to the negroes "being able soon to provide for the education of their children without the aid which is now specially voted by Parliament for that purpose."

After the present year therefore the vote for the Negro Education will be gradually discontinued and it must be left to the local Legislature to consider the best mode of raising the necessary funds for public Education.

As a result the Mico Trustees retaliated by threatening to "relinquish" all their schools in St. Vincent.

The final blow came in 1846 when the British Government made last grants to the education of the Negro. St. Vincent was left to devise ways and means of supporting an educational system thrust on her. For Lord Russell further argued that "considering how much better able the Negroes are to pay for the education of their children than our own labourers." It is obvious that he did not know or refused to be sympathetic with the terrible plight of the negro there. The planters who made up the Legislature which was now called upon to help to finance the system questioned the value of the education for the negro. They were also dissatisfied with the relevancy and content of such education. One can understand the behaviour of the planters for the fourth decade of the nineteenth century ushered in a period of "difficulties and cries." The planters were faced with serious financial difficulties aggravated by the passing of the Sugar Duties Act (1846) and the loss of preferential treatment in the British market for their sugar.

The system of education did not die. The government of St. Vincent rose to the occasion in 1849 by voting the sum of \$815, to aid twenty-seven (27) schools. It also supported the founding of the St. Vincent Grammar School for boys and girls by Rev. W. B. Lamaistre. By 1850 there were 49 pupils following a "General Classical and Mathematical" curriculum. They each paid \$28.80 per term for tuition fees. The founding of this was in keeping with the trend throughout the British West Indies of establishing British-type public schools for the middle class minority while they were cutting down on expenses for the education of the masses. The scheme was fully supported by the missionaries who saw it as the opportunity to provide a "native ministry" and an educated middle class laity who would be of benefit to the Church.

In 1853 an Education Act was passed to establish "an enduring system of education" but before this could have any effect St. Vincent suffered severely in 1858 from an outbreak of cholera and yellow fever. Hundreds of people were killed. Thousands were suffering and in

need. The island's revenue fell from £21,000 to £17,000. It was felt that very much money could not now be spent on education. It was needed to combat the effects of the epidemics and so there was a reduction in grants e.g. in 1864, £904 were voted; in 1865 £158. Fifteen (15) schools including the newly established Grammar School which received £200 annually were closed because of lack of financial support. Seventeen schools managed to struggle along.

The epidemics did not destroy the desire to establish "an enduring system of education" and as soon as the salvaging operations were well on the way, the island's first Board of Education was formed (1867). The Governor, Francis Hincks, was ex-officio President. The other members were the President and two other members of the Legislative Council; the Speaker and four members of the House of Assembly. This body had the power to make rules for the schools. One of its first acts was to distribute £700 from the General Revenue in the following manner:

Church of England Schools—£425.
Wesleyan Schools—£200.
Roman Catholic Schools—£75.

The next year Mr. Edward C. Ross was appointed as the island's first Inspector of Schools to give the Board professional advice.

From what has been said above, one can get the impression that government was very active in making provisions for education. But these provisions were ridiculously inadequate. There were very frequent complaints about the inadequate financial support received from government. In the meantime the original enthusiasm of the negroes had dwindled. The negroes were frustrated when they did not get what they wanted from education. Not much was done or could be done by the schools in view of their numerous problems, but had the local government taken the advice of the British government given way back in 1885 to enforce compulsory education many of these people could have been rescued from their depressed state by a recognition of the real value of education.

The number of schools rose to 47 in 1861. The Anglicans were responsible for 28; the Methodists for 12 and the Roman Catholics for 6. Faced with the problem of providing some sort of education for those over 15 who worked during the day, the Anglicans kept a Night School at Calliaqua. This was indeed a laudable effort even though it was limited to the narrow confines of Calliaqua and not an island wide venture. Two years previous to 1861, the Society for the Education of the Poor had received a building grant of £150 from government and erected a building at Kingshill which was used both as a school and a church.

The year 1870 is important in the history of

English education. The British Government decided to be more responsible for the education of the English people. It should be noted that St. Vincent had by this time relinquished her old form of representative government and had become a Crown Colony. The Colonial Office officials felt that this form of government would be in the interest of the masses of illiterate negroes better than the old type administered by the planters. All that was necessary now to introduce needed reforms would be Orders in Council. Previously the obstructive tactics of the councillors often made it impossible to provide public services. So it was not surprising that St. Vincent too got her Education Act in 1872. The aim was to make better provisions for the education of the negroes. A tax of two shillings and six pence on every room of a house with more than two rooms helped government to spend £1000. on education in 1878. More funds became available for this purpose after the Anglican Church was disestablished in that same year. Grants were not given haphazardly. The amount given to a school depended on that school satisfying the Inspector that the children were learning something. "Payment by results", as this method of assessing the schools for grants was called, proved to be very unfortunate because of the terrible effects it had for education. By 1877 St. Vincent had sixty-one (61) primary schools. These were increased to sixty-eight (68) in 1880:

36 Anglican Schools
25 Methodist Schools
5 Roman Catholic Schools
2 Church of Scotland.

The average attendance of pupils recorded was 4,146. It is difficult to say whether or not this attendance was good because of the absence of reliable statistics. Secondly, since attendance was one of the qualifications for grants one cannot be sure—because of the stories handed down—that the figures submitted were always accurate.

The second attempt to have an institution for secondary education was made when the St. Vincent Grammar School was founded by an Ordinance in 1878. Conditions were not satisfactory at this school and in 1885 moves were afoot to abolish it. The inhabitants—here the influential minority—refused to support these moves and stated that they "would be just as clamorous for the restoration of such an institution as the people of Grenada now are for the establishment of one." In order to come to a solution Mr. Deighton, headmaster of Harrison College, carried out an investigation. It is very interesting to note parts of his report (4 June 1885):

I visited the school for the first time on Friday, May 22, when I found three boys present. I paid a second visit on Tuesday, May 26, only one boy was in attendance.

In 1882 the University of Edinburgh held their local examination in St. Vincent as one of the centres. Mr. Ross, headmaster, informed me that six candidates entered that year. Four of them were pupils of the Grammar School, three out of the four failed, and the other passed in the preliminary subjects only.

This was the first and only time that Mr. Ross entered pupils for the Edinburgh Local Examination. Mr. Ross after his first failure did not venture to risk a second

But under any circumstances a Grammar School must prove a failure in St. Vincent. It is perfectly evident from the investigations which I have been able to make that the island does not possess the materials necessary for the maintenance of such a school. Mr. Ross informed me that his pupils rarely remained at school beyond the age of 14 years. It is certain that with few exceptions the boys who would attend any school established in St. Vincent would leave at an early age either for business or for some of the sugar plantations, and that even if the Legislature of St. Vincent were largely to increase the grant to this school, it would be impossible for the most competent master to raise it to the condition of a satisfactory first grade school."

Earlier (1876) attempts had been made to get Vincentians to send their Children to Harrison College for their secondary education. St. Vincent preferred to have its own school. The report of Mr. Deighton was not accepted favourably in all quarters for it was felt that this was another move to get Vincentians to send their children to Barbados. The St. Vincent Grammar School was however closed. Mr. F. H. Watkins, then Inspector of Schools, started the Kingstown Grammar School in 1887, but the effort died when he was transferred a few years later to the Leeward Islands. A fourth Grammar School (co-educational) was started in 1896 by Mr. Miles Phillips. It had 42 pupils by 1899.

Towards the end of the century there was a cessation of church grants and the religious bodies started to experience more financial difficulties. There was thus a decrease in the number of schools until there were only 41 in 1890. Government felt compelled to do something and so its first primary school was built in 1885 at Wallilabou. On the 12th September 1898 a hurricane destroyed 26 of the 44 schools which then existed.

This account would be somewhat onesided if it ends without some mention of the type of work done in the schools and the teachers involved. As has been mentioned already, the

missionaries taught the slaves to read because they wanted them to read the Bible and Catechisms. G. Dr. Watt's Primers were sent out from England. The following extract from "The First Book for the USE of Schools—1839" throws light on the type of material used:

- (i) FOREWORD.
The contents of this book are wholly from the Scriptures.
- (ii) SECTION I: Words of not more than two letters:
Lesson 6:
As in it. As he is. Wo is me.
- (iii) SECTION II: Words of not more than three letters:
Lesson 9.
old not for who son
his rod. God is one. The son of God.
- (iv) SECTION III: Words of not more than four letters:
Lesson 8.
hear will from work.
A wise man will hear. Six days may work be done.
- (v) SECTION IV: Words of not more than five letters.
Lesson 13.
place save years high
A high look, and a proud heart, is sin.
See that ye fall not out by the way. etc.

The curriculum of the primary school consisted of the Three R's, that of the Grammar School was a copy of what was done in the English Public School. The intention was to show that the negro was as good as his white English counterpart. Rote learning and teaching the children to repeat in a parrot-like manner seemed to be the only possible method of teaching such large numbers with so few teachers. In 1841 when the Mico Trustees made their application for part of the Negro Education Grant, they stated that they were responsible for 5 schools in St. Vincent, they had only 3 teachers who were required to teach on an average 490 pupils out of a total of 546 on roll.

Teachers came out from England to help but the flow dwindled when the British Government (1861) ruled that any English trained teachers who took posts abroad had to refund the cost of their training. Soon after the Abolition of Slavery, the religious bodies tried to obtain local teachers. This was a difficult task. A criticism of the calibre of these local recruits made in Jamaica in 1835 can safely be used to describe our "native" teachers of the nineteenth century:

"whether owing to the defectiveness of the education of most of the adults, or the haste with which necessity has obliged the

teacher to be transported from the bench of the scholar to the desk of the instructor, there are but few of the number whose capacity for the discharge of their duty extends sufficiently far.

Unlike Jamaica, Trinidad and Barbados no training colleges were established for these teachers in St. Vincent. The attitude of many of the upper class minority towards the education and training of primary school teachers was often hostile. It was thought that if these teachers were "over educated" they would encourage their pupils to leave the estates.

The headteacher was often called upon to tutor his staff for the Pupil Teacher Examination. And it was imperative for him to do a good job because a large number of teacher failures in his school could mean its closure. A supplementary Regulation (Feb. 1895) stated that schools where teachers were employed who did not hold certificates of efficiency from the Board of Education would not be entitled to receive pecuniary aid. Government was hard pressed for funds and saw this regulation not only as a measure of economy but also as a means of improving the standard of the teachers. Its effects were widespread and various. The number of schools was reduced to 48 (1895) as against 98 in 1882. The grants which were given to those schools were used to increase the salaries of the remaining teachers, who Mr. Watkins, the Inspector of Schools, claimed were a "better class of men". How inadequate these teachers were can be judged from his report:

REPORT OF INSPECTOR OF SCHOOLS ST. VINCENT 1895.

"Since December 1882 three examinations of uncertificated Teachers have been held in Kingstown and Georgetown and though poor results have been shown at each

examination, there had been some advance notably in Composition, where there has been a sensible diminution in the exuberant flow of nonsense which, coupled with great poverty of original thought, was the chief characteristic of the production of most candidates. Practical Teaching remains the weak point of all the examinees and I despair of their success in this subject, until they have undergone a regular course of training as Pupil Teachers."

After it had become difficult to recruit teachers from the U. K., St. Vincent turned to Barbados. Barbados it should be remembered was more fortunate in having a sound system of education and had established training colleges for her teachers. St. Vincent owes a debt of gratitude to the numerous Barbadian certificated teachers who came here during the nineteenth century and later.

Salaries were low, for example the headteacher at the Layou and Cumberland schools received \$4.00 per month. Salary depended on the type of certificate the teacher held; the results of his school after yearly examinations by the Inspector of Schools; the average attendance which had to be certified by the manager or the visitor, and finally the fees paid by the pupils (usually a half penny).

The century ends on a very sad note for education. Many of the better teachers sought other employment because they had to bear the brunt of the educational economies of the government. The examinations either became harder or payments were reduced. There was dissatisfaction with the totally bookish content of education given to the negroes and the Royal Commission of 1897 was asked to look into the feasibility of introducing agriculture into the curriculum. The hurricane of 1898 was Nature's condemnation of the whole system.

SLAVERY: TOTAL INSTITUTION OR TOTAL SYSTEM

BY CASTINE I. QUASHIE.

Now that we are at the cross roads of history I believe that it is essential for us to make an assessment of our existing social situation by attempting to place St. Vincent's present position in some kind of defensible perspective. Most people tend to take the status quo as given, as their starting point. The result has been an incomplete grasp of the processes and forces at work in our social system and a correspondingly distorted view of the system itself. I have chosen slavery as a convenient launching-pad in my effort to throw some light on the forces that

have shaped our social personality and fashioned our social structure. I will first of all outline two parallels with which slavery can be compared—the total institution and the total system—and I will draw my own conclusions. As the treatise unfolds the reader will, I hope, appreciate the propriety of the treatment chosen.

According to Goldman, in his book "Asylum", Total Institutions are organized groups with well-defined boundaries and a marked hierarchical structure, for example inmates and staff

in Asylums, prisoners and wardens, officers and men in a ship at sea, slaves and masters. There is a fundamental division between "Staff" and "inmates", the former being free to move outside the institution and to have some measure of contact with other groups in the wider world, whereas the inmates live out all aspects of their lives in the institution. Whole blocks of people are treated as units and are marched through a set regimentation under the surveillance of the small supervisory staff. Staff tend to feel superior and righteous while inmates are conditioned to feel inferior and weak. Passage of talk and information between the two strata and between inmates is restricted and inmates are deliberately kept in ignorance of what is to happen to them, this being part of the mechanism of establishing and maintaining control. The structure of relations in a total institution is calculated to rob work of any moral significance.

It is a crucial characteristic of total institutions that people enter as socially formed personalities with a culture and a set of attitudes which need to be replaced so that the inmate can be 'handled'. Mechanisms are brought in to play designed to destroy the inmate's old self so that a new set of attitudes—a new 'identity'—can be imposed. The treatment involved induces a "state of anxiety, insecurity and humiliation which leads to the inmate's ready acceptance of his new role as a relief from the anxiety itself."

Elaboration of two examples of the total institution will serve the present purpose. The first is the Asylum. An individual is committed to an Asylum when his physical and emotional ability to face the strains and stresses of everyday life have broken down and are suspect. He goes to the Asylum in something of "unconscious willingness." In a sense he is glad to be in the Asylum, "away from it all." There he makes an adjustment to the absolute authority of the institution. He is told what to do and when to do it. An obvious behavioural characteristic is a reversion to childhood, to a pattern of behaviour that is puerile to the outside observer and from which initiative and responsibility are absent. The second is the Monastery. There is no doubt that an individual enters a monastery of his own volition, some from an earnest conviction that this is their calling, others to get away "from the evils and pressures of this world". There he goes through the process of mortification—the very word is significant and apt—designed to sweep away his former personality in preparation for the new. He is made to leave all his clothes and former possessions behind. His name is changed. He is given a new identity. He is subjected to a harsh discipline with an unusual emphasis on authority and obedience to his

superiors and a higher power. Personal initiative is discouraged. All activity is directed to absolute authority.

A classic example of the total system is the concentration camp. Students of Psychology will forever be indebted to those courageous souls who scribbled in the half-light and silence in the Nazi concentration camps. What will be said here about the concentration camp as a total system is drawn from a book entitled "Slavery" by S. M. Elkins who has drawn upon the experiences of the survivors of Nazi concentration camps.

In the 1890's the Nazis devised a system of concentration camps as an instrument of terror. Later the value of the camps was recognized in the Nazi scheme of things not only as an instrument of terror but also of control and became a permanent feature of the Nazi operations. Incoming prisoners were deliberately tortured and subjected to all kinds of physical and psychological stresses in order to break their resistance and pave the way for their degradation and humiliation, the psychological purpose of which was to destroy the old personalities and create malleable creatures upon which new personalities could be forced. Brutalities were not merely permitted or encouraged, but prescribed. In order to survive the new inmate had to make a rapid adjustment in terms of personality and behaviour to absolute power in the concentration camp, an adjustment which in fact meant a new personality, a new creature with different habits and behaviour, a stranger to his former self.

In the first instance, in response to the extremity of the initial tortures, the new prisoner experienced what is known as psychic detachment, a "splitting of personality", a "real" feeling that the experiences were not happening to him as a subject (person) but as an object (thing). This sense of detachment had a double function: (i) it was an immediate psychic defence mechanism against shock and (ii) it was the starting point toward a new adjustment.

Secondly, "Be inconspicuous" was the formula for survival. Those who indulged in bravado or heroics were quickly eliminated. Initiative was a dangerous quality and it was of value to live in selfish isolation. One might befriend an individual who led one into serious trouble and death. Those inmates who made the successful adjustment necessary to survive assumed a child-like quality in behaviour. Sexuality disappeared from their talk and there was an abnormal preoccupation with excretory functions. They lost many of the customary inhibitions as to soiling their beds and their persons. Their conversation was trivial, their

sense of humour silly with giggling abundant and apparently pointless. Dishonesty and lying were chronic.

Thirdly, their was a more or less intensive identification with the S. S. Guards, the source of all their misery and degradation but also the spring of whatever privilege they enjoyed. The prisoners firmly believed that the rules set down by the Gestapo were desirable standards of human behaviour, at least in the camp situation. They imitated the S. S. Guards, in drill posture and brutality, often being more cruel to their fellow-inmates than the S. S.

As evidence of the system's effectiveness three points may be cited: (i) the inmates co-operated with the guards to the extent of digging their own graves; (ii) there was no hint of revenge when the possibility presented itself upon liberation—the inmates had come to accept completely the superiority of their Nazi masters; (iii) the relative scarcity of suicides in the camps. The simplicity of the urge to survive made suicide, a complex matter of personal initiative and decision, out of the question.

But despite all the cruelties and brutalities there were still clear standards of paternal benevolence—no matter how narrow the sphere—stemming from the fact that the Nazis were human beings dealing with human beings. In the aftermath of the liberation it was found that the majority of the previous "campers" were unable to make a constructive adjustment to freedom and a free society but those who had were those who had been given a meaningful task in the camps and allowed to exercise a meagre measure of initiative, that is, those work had had some measure of positive moral significance.

There are obvious points of similarity between the "models" of the total institution and the total system. For the present purposes stress will be laid on two points. In both cases there is (i) an initially induced state of anxiety and humiliation designed to erase the former personality and make way for another (a new "identity") (ii) the emphasis on regimentation, absolute obedience and the suppression of initiative. But it might have been noticed that it was stated that the total institution involves an adjustment to absolute authority whereas the total system involves an adjustment to absolute power. This was meant to emphasize an important difference and indicate a preference. The "model" of total institution fails to stress the element of brute force which comes out so strongly in the total system. Individuals are forced into total systems. Thus for purposes of comparison with slavery the parallel of the total system is chosen, in particular the "model" of the concentration camp.

The points of similarity between (the processes involved in the adjustment to absolute power in) the concentration camp and under a system of slavery are manifest. It will be enough to outline them in brief for they are sufficiently close to produce much irritating repetition. Nor is there any desire to get too emotional or hysterical about the discussion. Emotion and hysteria always tend to generate more heat than light.

First, there is the process of degradation and the psychological response of "psychic detachment." The African was rudely captured from his familiar native village and brought by force to a strange environment. His dignity as a human personality was dragged in the dust. The process began on the march from the village to the slave station on the African coast where the unfortunate "creature" was handled and tested for strength in much the same way as one treats an animal in the market place. It was continued on the long voyage from Africa to the West Indies—the notorious Middle Passage—during which the slaves were shut up for most of the time in the stinking holds much as any inanimate cargo. At the sight of the slave ships entering the harbours West Indian Planters would rush down excitedly to handle and fondle the slaves. Little wonder that the slaves looked dazed and glassy-eyed. Some of them puzzled and confused jumped into the sea in panic and drowned themselves. At the ports the planters made their selection and the survivors of the Middle Passage were handed over to the highest bidders. Next, they were taken to the plantations of their owners and subjected to the last part of this phase, the process of "seasoning", designed to break the African for plantation life. The process of degradation of personality was complete. It was certain that those who had survived the Middle Passage and "Seasoning" were on the path of adjustment to their new situation and stood a good chance of survival.

It is apparent that in a social system based upon force those spirits that refuse to be broken and shaped by the whip and torture represent a threat and are a constant source of anxiety and fear. Either they must be "tamed" or eliminated. Under a regimented system of forced labour initiative, leadership and creative energy were inevitably stifled or at best seriously curtailed. The plantation Negro found that it was to his advantage to live up to the image that had been drawn of him as a child savage that needed first to be civilized and then led. To be able to dissemble and lie "truthfully" were useful arts in the battle for survival. Fawning adulation and selfishness were important parts of the paraphernalia of success. This was the process which produced

the Sambo, that familiar stereotype of the Negro as a child-like talkative creature tripping over his feet to please his white superiors. He was good fun and entertainment especially when it came to song and dance—his sense of rhythm was superb. Though reasonably useful in matters of little weight he was immature and incapable of shouldering responsibility. He was a liar and a cheat but none the less a likeable fellow.

Finally, the Negro Slave was convinced of the superiority of his white masters. For all its harshness the system had its human side and definite standards of benevolent despotism. The slave was assured of certain privileges so long as he was not intractable and his behaviour indicated a belief in the superiority of his white masters and his own inferiority. Hence the crucial importance of the Sambo-type-behaviour. There was an intense identification with whiteness and white values as the most desirable standards of behaviour and a fierce neurotic rejection of black and coloured and all their associations. This identification was and still is evidenced in many ways which in the light of what has been said about the total system may be anticipated. Negroes who later came to own slaves were known to treat them more cruelly than some whites. It is manifest in the attempts all too often exaggerated and ludicrous to imitate the White in dress, speech, and manners. At present it is most noticeable in crude attempts at hair-straightening and the more subtle endeavours of "successful" negroes at progressive whitening over generations by "marrying white."

Force is a very uncertain instrument with which to maintain a society and societies founded wholly and solely on force sooner or later disintegrate. Later West Indian society shifted from control by naked force to a more subtle and permanent integration based upon acceptance by all sections of the superiority of whiteness and white values. The social structure that emerged was a very rigid one with white at the top black at the bottom and a confusion of shades in between. But generally the more closely skin colour approached white the nearer the individual was to the top of the status system and vice-versa. This rigid structure was reinforced by the concentration of economic power in the hands of the white minority. This confluence of economic power and a social status system based upon so obvious a characteristic as skin colour is a most formidable combination. The acceptance of the superiority of whiteness was to play a most important role in maintaining the rigid social structure as were the lack of initiative, the immaturity and irresponsibility that had now become an integral part of the West Indian Negro personality. At this stage of development the Negro was no longer putting

on an act in the interest of survival. These traits, however undesirable we may think them, were part and parcel of his personality. This is not to deny that there were West Indian negroes who displayed initiative, creative energy and leadership. But it is generally accepted that a black person did not aspire to reach the top of the society. On the other hand a display of too much initiative and leadership was a sign that the individual was issuing a challenge to the established social hierarchy.

In an attempt to illuminate our present position and seek a path by which to know ourselves use has been made of the past. The question is, how far into the past should such an exercise be carried? At this juncture it is opportune to issue an oblique challenge to those who would "return to Africa". It could conceivably be useful to "return to Africa" (note not mother Africa or Father Africa) but with a difference of emphasis and intention. The force that moulded the West Indian Negro is the plantation. We have had some insights into the way the plantation has shaped the West Indian Negro. Most regrettably it has made him a creature without pride in his colour, without dignity and self-respect. The West Indian Negro is sorely in need of self-respect, in need to take pride in himself and his achievements. From this point of view exercises in African History might be relevant and important in teaching the West Indian Negro to have pride in the accomplishments of the Black man. But they are not all together crucial. They throw very little light on our present position. To search Africa for a West Indian identity is a futile exercise. We already have an identity—perhaps none too favourable or self-flattering but one none-the-less. It is sheer self-hypnotism to believe that if we turn our backs on the West Indies and our eyes to Africa this image would be automatically erased. Once we understand the forces against which the West Indian Negro has had and still has to fight we can be justly proud of our achievements.

It is very important that those of us who are in a position to appreciate the forces at work should emancipate ourselves and then show others the way to freedom. Instead we tend to indulge in patterns of behaviour that indicate our subscription to the superiority of whiteness and only serve to reinforce a rigid social structure. Too often the hope of the West Indian Negro is to rise in the social scale and enjoy the social prestige and privileges that have long been associated with a white skin. But always his ambitions are as obvious as his black skin. Inevitably he encounters the barriers that have been erected in order to maintain a rigid social structure and white superiority. Frustrated in his aspirations he

indulges in all sorts of rationalizations. Such usually is the nature of Back to Africa utterances. Cries of Colonialism—Imperialism and neo-imperialism, etc. They are the ritualistic facades behind which a crushing disappointment in and the obsession with the trappings rather than the substance of Independence are hidden, as can be shown by the speed with which former anticolonists are absorbed into the social circles of former adversaries once it is thought expedient to grant them entry. What we need to do at this crucial stage of our development is to take stock of our present position using the historical past as an objective frame of reference, dispassionately assess and coolly analyse the forces that have shaped us, and on the basis of our findings chart a positive and meaningful course along which our society can be persuaded to move.

THEY WONT LET ME KEEP OUT OF POLITICS.

A SHORT STORY

By F. W. DOWERS.

At the age of thirty, I have never joined a political party, spoken on a political rostrum or voted in a national election. The reason is, I detest the local version of politics. In spite of all this however, I just can't seem to get away from politics.

In this hamlet where politics is as ubiquitous as the very air one breathes, I keep confined to my quarters for fear of being dragged into its all-encircling and vicious tentacles. After ten weeks of solitary confinement, I decided to take a short walk one evening to break the spell. I was just simply bored with my radio and magazines.

As I turned out of my gate a passer-by called a hello. When I returned the greeting, he queried: "How things?" "Not so good," I answered. He replied: "They wont be until we get rid of this government." I assured him that that would be very soon, and hurried off before he could further the conversation.

A little further up the road, a lady looked at me and exclaimed from her window: "Gawd bless me eyesight, its nice to see you strolling!" I assured her it was nice to stroll too since I enjoyed her lovely village so much.

"Jus do yo wuk straight and support yo government and nobody go knock yo" she assured me. I told her I never believed in crooked work, and there was no other force on this planet I revered like the present government. She

smiled happily as I bade her adieu and moved on. At this point, I decided to slip into a nearby parlour to avoid any more of this political harrasing. Inside, there were only two persons at the counter drinking. I chose a vacant corner table and sat. I ordered a double Old Oak with Coke and plenty of ice and began sipping it abstractedly.

A stranger entered the parlour, slipped a coin into the old juke box in the corner, and punched a record. He looked around the room, noticed me, and headed in a bee-line for my table. He said goodevening and sat down without invitation.

"Drink?" I asked, my smile a thin line in a rotund face. "Sure!" he exploded as though he was dehydrated for days. At my request, the waiter served him a 'double strong' with a bottle of ice water as chaser. He emptied his glass in one swig, then: "As soon as I seed you in here I knowed which side you on," he whispered to me, the stench of his breath inciting my stomach to eject its contents.

"How do you mean?" I asked, disgust creeping into my voice. "I means you is a Labour," he confided, his eyes gleaming with approval as he leaned across the table towards me.

I realised I had to get back outside, and fast, so I feigned that I had just remembered something very important to attend to at home, so I asked to be excused. Before I could leave however, he extracted another strong rum squared from me, then finally gave me clearance to depart after I promised to meet him the same place next evening.

Back on the street again, I decided to return to the safety of my flat. I had hardly covered twenty paces when a lady called from her yard: "Excuse me sah, but can I say a word to you?" "Of course," I answered as I walk into the yard to meet her. I felt relieved. Here now was going to be a conversation without politics for the first time since leaving home.

She led me up a flight of rickety steps which threatened to collapse with my every tread, then into her suffocating living room. There she offered me a chair, then disappeared into an adjoining room. I sat with perspiration oozing from my pores, wondering. When she returned, she held out a box containing half-a-dozen new terylene shirts with:

"Only me nice PPP friends me does offer to sell these to." I was thunderstruck. I pasted a grotesque grin on my face—it was my best smile in the circumstances—and tried to look interested in the shirts. After a minute or so perusal, I assured her that I definitely would have purchased one if they were my correct size. She believed me. She promised that a size 17 would definitely be included in her next consign-

ment, exclusively ordered for me. As I stepped hurriedly from her yard, I accidentally bumped into a man who was crossing the gateway at the same moment. As I apologized, I heard him grumble:

"Ah yoh Labour-man doan watch wey ah yoh ah go nuh?" The political fever in this area enters my office too. The other day a lady came in to clear a package from the post. "Kindly open this parcel," I told her. "Why?" she queried in disbelief. "For inspection and verification with the declaration," I informed her politely. "Since yo mek me open me parcel" she declared, "Ah turn like turtle!" "Exactly what do you mean, madam?" I asked, already half suspecting the inference. "Ah done wid PPP" she answered with resolution and finality in her tone.

Two days later, a man came in to withdraw money from an account in which his name did not appear. I painstakingly explained to him the impossibility of his mission. He listened very attentively, nodding his agreement from time to time. As he was about to leave he said: "I knows if you coulda help me, you woulda, because all ah we is one." He pointed to a

KING JAJA'S EXILE TO ST. VINCENT.

BY KERWYN MORRIS

At noon on Sunday June 10, 1888 an African by the name of Jaja landed in Kingstown harbour at what is known as the police jetty. He was a man exiled from his native land by men who were bent on nothing else than exploiting his country for the benefit of their's—a practice that is continuing to this day and an exercise "statehood" will have to stop. Jaja remained involuntarily in this country until February 28, 1891.

To understand what brought this brother of ours to this land we must examine the situation existing at the time in the Niger Delta of West Africa. The Atlantic Slave Trade was on the decline and the trade in palm oil was on the increase. Europe was industrialising and she needed this raw material. However, the real significance of European activity lay in the agreements arrived at by Europeans who met in Germany over the Christmas of 1884 and the New Year of 1885. This gathering of European imperialists was called the Congress of Berlin and it was the occasion at which power-hungry men sat around a table to plan the ruthless carving up of Africa.

The real scramble for our fatherland had been given an impetus and the British as usual were not to be outdone. The conference passed many

Labour Party button pinned over his heart and grinned slyly as I stared in bewilderment. If I hire a car from a 'Mr. X' for my official travelling, I am a Labourite—everybody waves hello to me. When his car is down and I hire 'Mr. Y'S'—I am PPP, so nobody waves. If I buy beef from the butcher in the blue overalls, I am PPP. Tired with beef, I decided to change to mutton for my Sunday meal, so I buy from the man in the khaki clothes. I am Labourite.

If I go to the dispensary and the dispenser notices me soon and enquires what I need, I am a Labour Party supporter. If he does not see me, and I am satisfied to await my turn—I am PPP. When I go to the Anglican church and take a seat up front, I am a Labour-party-man. If I accompany my wife to the Methodist gathering and we sit behind because its cooler there, there is no doubt that I am a PPP sympathiser.

As I see it, the only way to escape the political labelling is to stop breathing—but then, the doctors do not recommend this for good health. After six months in this village, I have now come to the conclusion that as long as one remains here, no matter what he does short of dying, they wont let you keep out of politics.

resolutions, the most important being on the need to prove effective occupation before the declaration of annexation. Africa was thus destined to be "annexed" to various European powers some 88 years ago, the prerequisite being "effective occupation". All the participants attending that dishonourable conference knew exactly what was entailed in the occupation. Jaja of Opobo was not at the conference but he too understood what it all meant. The rapid, reckless and inconsiderate partition of Africa then began—a partition that still has its effects felt today throughout the continent.

In Nigeria the attempts of the British to fulfil the resolutions of the Berlin Conference did not go unresisted by the Nigerians and this resentment was epitomised by Jaja himself. The post conference period in which Jaja lived was therefore one filled with intense activity in the Delta. British activity and penetration was increasingly marked with naked violence and the indiscriminate use of bribery, fraud, deceit and firearms.

Jaja was a man born into domestic slavery. Domestic slavery as an institution operated by different values and standards from those used in the dehumanising plantation slavery. Jaja was able to work his way up through the

hierarchy of the domestic slavery until he became chief servant. While he was still young he was elected chief of the Bonny House (a trading house) of Anna Pepple. This was in 1863 when he was then about 40 years old. His predecessor Alabi had by faulty economics built up a debt of between £1000—£1500 but within two years of Jaja's management this debt was wiped off. Jaja's ability as a business man began to manifest itself but it was this same ability for which he paid so dearly. His methods of business and foresight were unequalled, and he was always one step ahead of his European competitors in their attempts to outwit him. Jaja like Nanna and Prempeh in Africa and Chatoyer in St. Vincent soon found himself face to face with increasing European intervention in the affairs of his country, and like all of these he was prepared to defend his country against heavy odds.

In 1870 Jaja, his assistants, and advisors migrated to a wealthier portion of the delta called Andoni where he founded the new state of Opobo of which he was King. Soon this state was to become under his wise rule "one of the largest exporting centres of palm oil in the delta", and for many years he enjoyed the respect of the alien traders. But his popularity was soon to come to an end as the time was drawing near when these very traders would join forces to strangle him—in his own country.

In 1881 one of the trading companies, the Niger Company, had applied for a charter but the application was rejected. The same company applied again in 1886 (after the important Berlin conference) and it was immediately granted the royal charter thus becoming the Royal Niger Company. The significance of this event lies in the fact that the ruthless and barbaric approach to trade in Africa was now given Royal assent as the Royal navy and army now replaced the private armies that the company maintained. The use of force against African civilians was therefore now carried by the British Government. The first move the company made was to cut the price it was paying for the palm oil Jaja was selling to them. But Jaja with a sound knowledge of monopoly made his counter move by ignoring them and finding his own means of shipping his oil to England. The next move by British Traders to Jaja's independent shipping was to establish a closer monopoly as they closed in on him. This move had the effect of further minimising competition among themselves while at the same time lessening Jaja's chances of locating a European buyer who was willing to ship his oil. Again Jaja outmanoeuvred his opponents. By this time he had realised that the profits earned by sending his own oil all the way to England were not as large as he would have liked "owing to the length of time it took him to get his returns

back"—about three months at the earliest. If he had sold in the river he would have turned over his money three or four times within that period. What Jaja was making quite clear was that he, an African in his native land, was going to decide how the trade in palm oil was to be conducted. The markets that he had under his control at Andoni were the best in West Africa and he was exercising his right in preventing foreigners from invading his markets. As K. Onwuka Dike said, he barred the way "not only to the Bonny middle men but also to the Europeans (who) found him the greatest impediment to their occupation of Eastern Nigeria." Had Jaja taken this stand about thirty years earlier the protest would not have been so sustained; but now the imperial ravages were being intensified by the requirement to "prove effective occupation before the declaration of annexation," and Jaja was to be swept aside in fulfilment of imperialism.

Just before the infamous Congress of Berlin Jaja had unfortunately drawn up an "agreement" with the British Government. This stated among other things that his country was to be placed under the so-called protection of the crown, but he made certain that the catch clause guaranteeing freedom of trade was omitted. Being vigilant he asked for a definition of the word protectorate. Hewett, the English man who negotiated the treaty with him, said (July 1, 1884) in the usual imperial jargon ".... the queen does not want to take your country or your markets but at the same time she is anxious no other nation should take them she undertakes to extend her gracious power and protection which will leave your country still under your government. She has no wish to disturb your rule although she is anxious to see your country get up as well as the countries of the other tribes with whom her people have been for so long trading."

The battle of wits continued in the Niger Delta over the palm oil export business. The British having by now clearly seen that Jaja was a sound business man and therefore someone to reckon with, conspired to get rid of him. H. H. Johnston the acting consul of the Gold Coast at the time wrote to Jaja in a letter dated September 17, 1888 "I have to inform you that I have received from Her Majesty's Government full telegraphic instructions respecting the matter now in dispute between yourself and the common authority in this district. It is necessary that the communication from the British Government shall be laid before you and your chiefs without delay in order that you may give me the decisive answers for which the secretary for Foreign Affairs is now waiting."

"I therefore request you to attend with all your important chiefs a meeting to be held by

me at Harrison's Beach, Opobo River on Monday September 19th at 11 o'clock a.m."

"I am earnestly desirous that the question now at issue between us shall be settled in a friendly and temperate spirit and without recourse to force."

"I therefore have to inform you that this will be the last opportunity that will be offered you of coming to terms with the British Government and impress on you the advisability of not discarding this chance of arriving at a solution of the difficulty." Jaja's reply to this rude and pompous demand was a blunt refusal to meet unless Johnston pledged his release after the meeting. British sincerity, it would appear, has always been suspect by the people she held in bondage, and justifiably so. The next day Johnston wrote to him again saying "I have summoned you to attend in a friendly spirit. I hereby assure you that whether you accept or reject my proposal tomorrow no restraint whatever will be put on you. You will be free to go just as soon as you have heard the message of the Government."

"If you do not attend the meeting no further consideration will be shown you and you will be simply treated as an enemy of the British Government If you attend tomorrow I pledge you my word that you will be free to come and go, but if you do not attend I will conclude you to be guilty of the charge brought against you and shall immediately proceed to carry out your punishment."

Jaja finally agreed to meet not having realised the foul plot ahead of him. As soon as he got on board the ship at Harrison's Beach he was told that if he did not go to Accra for trial he would be considered an enemy of the British Government. Jaja had no choice under the guns of HMS Goshawk and he was taken to Accra where he was "tried" in the Kenyatta fashion by Rear Admiral W. Hunte Grubbe. In summarising (December 1st, 1887) he said "Jaja I have now finished my enquiry as directed by the admiralty ... I am reluctantly obliged to decide that you cannot be permitted to return to Opobo."

"Opobo requires rest to enable proper and free trade to be developed—your presence in the River would be fatal to peace and progress. I have therefore applied to His Excellency the Governor of the Gold Coast to detain yourself and your son, Sunday Jaja, at Accra until you have signified to him which of the following places you would like to be sent to take up your abode for the period of time which Lord Salisbury may decree for your exile, and which period be for not less than five years, in the hope that during that time your influence in the Opobo may have ceased to be felt."

The places I submit for your choice are

given in the inverse order as regards their attractiveness and desirability. They are the islands of Ascension and St. Helena, and the Cape Colony, or if you should prefer a one of respectability will be assured you and I shall propose to the Admiralty that a sum varying from £500 to £1,000 be paid you as well as four quarterly payments the greater or less sum to depend on the influence of Opobo as regards trade—in fact to be regulated by the Consul."

"In conclusion I warn you to abandon all hope of resuming here after either in your own person or in that of your family the position you have hitherto held of King or Paramount Chief of Opobo as no future King or Paramount Chief will be elected." Jaja was detained in Accra for a total of eight months, three months awaiting trial and five months awaiting the deportation journey to the Caribbean.

Jaja was furious and drew up a militant and outspoken petition to the Queen (Victoria). He traced his "capture" by Johnston and the "trial" by Grubbe. "I could make no resistance to such an outrage, and accordingly I and my son were placed on board your Majesty's ship 'Icarus' and carried to the West Indies arriving at St. Vincent on the 24th June 1888 when an ordinance was passed by the St. Vincent legislature authorising my detention there as a political prisoner during your Majesty's pleasure whereby I am in custody of the officers and constables of the Police Force of the Colony of St. Vincent."

"All these proceedings have not only been tolerated but sanctioned and approved by your Majesty's Government and in remonstrance against them I may be accused of contumacy. It may be said that I am no longer King of Opobo, that I am no longer free, that I am an exile and a political prisoner and that I am not a British subject and have no rights (as an alien) on British territory. What I have done to merit such treatment I know not, but I respectfully submit to your Majesty that the tactics whereby I have been deprived of my country, my markets, and my freedom are contrary to the spirit of the British nation which abolished slavery (and also the kidnapping of Africans by treachery, force and fraud ...). The Consul Hewett asserted that your Majesty did not want to take my country or my markets yet the results of a few years' friendly interference is that your Majesty's Government has taken both my country and my markets from me and banished me to a foreign land as an exile and a political prisoner. Righteousness exalteth a nation but sin is a reproach to any people."

Jaja as was said before arrived here on 24th June, 1888 (a Saturday) but he did not disembark until the following day. In a letter dated

June 9, 1888 written by R. Llewellyn, the Administrator of St. Vincent at the time, to his imperial colleague in St. Lucia he said "... I have the honour to report that HMS Icarus arrived here at 11.00 a.m. today Saturday from the West Coast of Africa with Jaja, his son Sunday and attendant." Sunday Jaja was a student in England. He was in Opobo on vacation when his father sent him and some of his advisors to England as envoys to explain that he had not broken the Protectorate Treaty of 1884 referred to earlier. On their way back, Sunday was held prisoner in Accra and later exiled with his father to St. Vincent. There was not even a mock trial held as in the case of his father. The attendant's name was Daniel Oglo, called Dan for short. Llewellyn went on to say "I did not think it expedient to allow Jaja to land on Saturday when the town is crowded with peasantry at market. I therefore have requested the commander of the Icarus to keep Jaja on board until tomorrow (Sunday) when I shall arrange for his landing about 11.30 a.m. and drive him to the house at the Fort formerly occupied by the Inspector of Police, which I have prepared for his occupation." The delay of the landing was significant. At the time of Jaja's arrival (1888) slavery, it must be remembered, had been abolished officially only about 50 years earlier and the trade was still being carried on illicitly. There is evidence that this trade in human cargoes lingered on until the 1880's. Thus there were among the peasantry people of African descent who just a few years ago were slaves, and had Jaja been landed on the Saturday one can only guess what may have happened. While on board Jaja was unhappy. In fact he was unhappy from the day Johnston set hands on him. When Llewellyn went to see him on board the Saturday he immediately made certain requests. Llewellyn reported "he explained to me that he wished to rent a house where he chose that he wanted me to give him his allowance at once."

So Jaja took up forced residence at the fort but he soon left. In one of his petitions to Queen Victoria he wrote, "On my arrival at St. Vincent I was sent to a cottage at Fort Charlotte, but the air was too cold. I was afterwards removed to Kingstown where I have resided in a private house up to this time. I have no appetite and I cannot digest my food and I have been sick for some time past ..."

Jaja remained at the fort for about two weeks before moving to town in a private house which was rented for £3.15.0d. per month. This house was one "adjoining the Public Offices at the head of a cul de sac in a most retired spot." A policeman was always kept on duty there and another usually accompanied him whenever he wished to go out.

For the remainder of Jaja's involuntary stay

here he changed residences several times and it is difficult to trace the sequence of this shifting. An account by R. M. Anderson states that he once resided at Egmont and Upper Middle Streets in Kingstown." Correspondence between Irving Maling the administrator and one William Proudfoot indicates that he also resided at Lot 68 which is one lot removed from the corners of Grenville Street (Back Street) and Melville Street. From Jaja's correspondence with Maling it is also revealed that he once lived on the Bay Street on the Upper storey of a molasses store room. He wrote, "I complained to you sometime ago of the Molasses and the discomfort I had experienced in the house in which I am now resident, arising from the unpleasant smell of molasses stored under the flooring of the house, and from the numerous flies consequent thereon." The storeroom was apparently owned by D. K. Porter and Co. Interviews with aged people indicate that he also lived at that part of the town commonly called Frenches. He was a close associate of the Leacocks of that area and also of one Niles who was to become one of the closest associates of Jaja. He was probably the only Vincentian who knew Jaja very intimately and died refusing to divulge any information concerning Jaja to the imperial authorities.

Jaja was expected to exist on a "pension" of £800 a year payable in quarterly instalments. This pension was to have come from Jaja's "Comey", which was to be collected by the British Consul. The comey totalled much more than his allowance and only the British probably knew the fate of the remainder. There was a further fleecing of Jaja's financing over the issue of some guns he had bought. He wrote to Llewellyn, "I shall be very much obliged if you would be kind enough to ask the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs to pay me the amount of 30 puncheons palm oil of which they promised to pay and have not yet paid me it. Also they have not yet paid me for my two Gattling guns and one crop gun, the two Gattling guns costing me the amount of (£1000) one thousand pounds and the crop gun costing me the amount of (£300) three hundred pounds."

A few weeks after his arrival Jaja began to negotiate the return of his son to England to resume his studies. He approached the British Government who was responsible for Sunday being in exile here without trial and this was the reply to Jaja "... you must meet all expenses in connection with his passages and education and that Her Majesty's Government assume no responsibility of any kind with regard to the young man." Sunday it would seem was "always faultlessly attired" according to R. M. Anderson "and bore a princely attitude." Sunday's stay here was short however and he left for England accompanied by some attend-

ants. Jaja's wife Patience also joined him here.

It did not take long for the humiliation and denigration of a proud man to have their effects. In his petition Jaja said, "I am now an old man and cannot in the ordinary course of nature expect to live much longer I wish to spend the remainder of my years and to die in my native land and not in exile." This wish did not seem forthcoming so Jaja began to negotiate his escape from the ruthless and selfish imperial clutches. He realised that he had to depend on the inhabitants for this to be achieved, so he began to associate with the people from whom he had hitherto remained distant. This caused so much concern that the chief of police Edward Laborde wrote to the administrator "... Jaja's manner and associations have changed very much lately. He has become openly discontented and sullen. He seems to have dropped all his former respectable acquaintances and mixes now entirely with people of his own colour, his closest companions being two intelligent and plausible men of doubtful repute." Jaja had by this time established contact with the Aborigines, a Protection Society in England which was willing to assist him in his release. His correspondence was directed through both Leacock and Niles who have already been mentioned. News of the plan leaked out too soon and the correspondence was discovered. The result was severe restriction. He was not to "leave town at any time without the permission of the Chief of Police and without police escort."

1935 REVISITED

BY OSWALD PETERS AND KENNETH JOHN

In 1935 a representative section of the Vincentian masses took the only road that was open to them to air their grievances and dramatise a smouldering resentment built up during one hundred years of semi-serfdom. They rioted. This paper addresses itself to a brief background study to the conditions which produced the riot, as well as present in some detail a vivid picture of the actual riot, its immediate cause, the particular form it took, and the major actors in it.

The West Indian islands chafed for over a century under slave labour which formed the basis of agricultural production and which was compounded by the fact that the planter was white and the slave was black. Today, nearly one hundred and fifty years after emancipation the islands still bear the social scars inflicted during slavery. The slaves had come to abhor agricultural pursuits which they identified with slavery itself and the present-day obsession with

Jaja was now a tired and worn out man. He had ceased his regular seabathing at bedtime and his afternoon ride on horseback. The man who once "impressed those with whom he conversed that there was ardent desire for learning among all the tribes of Africa," the man who "spoke the English language correctly and with refined intonation" and who while "driving through the streets of Kingstown was always greeted with profound respect" was now fading away. He complained of severe diarrhoea, the colonial surgeon was called in, medicines were prescribed but Jaja insisted he would "take no physic if ordered for him." His condition began to deteriorate and on February 28 he was put on board HMS Pylades bound for Barbados for medical attention. There was not much that could have been done for Jaja at this stage save to fulfil his request that he spend his last years in Opobo and not in exile. So the imperialists having ruined him of life decided to send him back to his native land. He left Barbados on 12th May, 1891 on HMS Comus bound for West Africa but he was not to see his home again. He died broken in spirit in Tenerife on 25th June of the same year. Meanwhile the British were ravaging West Africa with arms and fulfilling the resolutions of the Berlin Congress. All that now remains of Jaja is a statue in Opobo, Nigeria, and a poor memory of him here. As E. M. Epelle, a Nigerian, said, "Jaja's life in St. Vincent must deserve a place other than passing mention."

control of the island by a handful of unprogressive Whites multiplied and intensified over the next ninety years. They were aggravated in the 1930's by the world-wide economic recession, and came to a head. Agriculture was poorly organised and was unable to absorb the fast-growing population. Lack of migration outlets served to frustrate a people penned and staked in an impoverished country. Wages for agricultural labourers were miserably low and general conditions of living were deplorable. Wages for labour in St. Vincent sank to as low as 10d. per day, and for the most part only seasonal employment was offered. Workers lived in thatched houses whose floors were the bare earth. The Moyne Commission Report is revealing: "It is no exaggeration to say that in the poorest parts of most towns and in many of the country districts a majority of the houses is largely made of corrugated iron and unsound boarding; quite often the original floor has disappeared and the earth remains, its surface so trampled it is impervious to any rain which may penetrate through a leaking roof; sanitation in any form and water supply are unknown in such premises, and in many cases no light can enter when the door is closed."

These were the conditions which provoked the 1935 riot. Low wages, irregular employment where not completely enforced idleness, sub-human living standards, and the instruments of effective social control tightly lodged in the hands of a small dominant white planter class. The riot was but a symptom of a malignant social cancer. The causes were deep-seated, and it demanded radical treatment. It was not caused by the goings-on in the legislature on a particular day in 1935. That was the spark that set the magazine of long repressed emotions ablaze; it provided an opportunity for a showdown, a pretext for a confrontation. It was not the *causa belli* but the *casus belli*.

The event which triggered off the riot was increased taxation. The legislative council met on Friday, October 15 to discuss the adoption of certain measures aimed principally at increasing the revenue. The Governor in his address to the Council took full responsibility for the introduction of the measures, pointing out that they were necessary to give a shot in the arm to a languishing economy. In 1935 complete collapse was avoided by the proceeds from the sale of Jubilee stamps which would not carry over into the following year. There was also a loss of £750, a year on import duties since the imposition of a protective tariff to safeguard local sugar against the dumped unrefined sugar from neighbouring colonies. And the colony faced an increase in normal expenditure to the tune of £750, due mainly to the incremental rise in salaries. To crown it all, certain social services were badly in need of improvement.

Hospitals were in sore need at Chateaubelair and the Grenadines, bridges and highways on the Windward coast were in a state of disrepair; education and laboratory and X-Ray facilities at the Colonial Hospital were also crying out for attention. In other words the cumulative results of years of utter neglect under Crown Colony Government were beginning to make themselves felt. In order to meet the minimal demands of the moment the Licences (Amendments) Ordinance 1935 and the Customs Duties (Amendment No.4) Ordinance 1935 were introduced in the Legislature.

The Customs Duties Bill aimed at consolidating all rates of Import Duties by abolishing surtaxes and increasing the basic rates. More revenue could also be collected by the adoption of a c.i.f. basis in place of the f.o.b. system then used for the assessment of Import Duties and which the merchants had been using to evade tariff laws. The revenue was also expected to be raised by an increase in the rates of licence for motor vehicles and more so, the argument ran, since many more vehicles would be brought in following a reduction in the import duties on motor cars. Increased taxes were also placed on a number of articles including ale and beer, coffee, cigarettes and cigars, manufactured tobacco, gin and whisky, fuel, motor spirits and matches.

The bills were presented for the final reading on Monday, October 21, when they would become law. Over the weekend the masses heard the news of the impending tax increases, and understood that they originated with Mr. Corea, the leading merchant in the colony. They were not economic experts but they knew that all indirect taxes would be reflected in increased consumer prices and that the cost of living would mount as a result. The protection of local sugar ostensibly in the interest of local employment was a double-edged sword, for it meant that the ordinary man was deprived the benefit of cheap imported sugar. They knew that the increased salaries to Civil Servants were going mainly into the pockets of expatriates and the local whites and mulattoes who monopolised the hierarchy of the Government bureaucracy. And a native economic sense must have informed the minds of the people that a reduction on import duties for cars could never be made good by a corresponding rise in licences. But most galling of all, higher import duties were placed on such basic commodities as fuel and matches. They were unrepresented in a House dominated by the Governor and his official block plus a few nominated planters who identified the interest of the colony with the interest of the sugar plantation. Their only hope, short of taking things in their own hands, was George MacIntosh whom they first consulted.

George MacIntosh was a radical in the 1930's, a man who was fighting an uphill battle for the down-trodden Vincentian masses. He had the dubious honour of being the first Vincentian "communist." He wrote a letter to the Governor requesting reasons for the increased taxation during such hard economic days, and he told the people that they must stand up and fight for their rights. The Council was in session and the Governor replied that he would let the people know the reasons in the afternoon. But they wanted an immediate audience and thought that the Governor was not taking them seriously. By this time more and more recruits were joining the ranks of the declared malcontents who began to approach the Court House protesting loudly and demanding an audience with the Governor. Despite the efforts of the policemen on duty to close the gates of the Court Yard, the crowd forced its entrance shouting the usual slogans: "We can't stand anymore duties on our food and clothes." "We have no work to do." "We are hungry." "Something will happen today if we are not satisfied." The Governor understood that sort of language. He adjourned the session of the Council and he came down and tried to calm the crowd by telling them what they knew to be untrue, that only commodities affecting the rich would be taxed. It is neither clear nor significant what event actually started off the outbreak. It is alleged that the Attorney General kicked one of the more vociferous of the crowd, that he in turn was boxed, the women attacked the cars of the councillors which were parked in the Court Yard, then the mob split up into several groups and embarked on an ad hoc programme of destruction and looting.

At this point it is difficult to separate out the actual events from the leading personalities involved. Although the riot was spontaneous, once it had begun two leaders, Sheriff Lewis alias "Haile Selassie," and Bertha Mutt afterwards called "Mother Selassie" emerged. It was natural that "Haile Selassie" should take over control of the direction of events once the "boley had burst," for he had been demonstrating a leadership quality among his lower class brethren throughout his life. He was head of a club and it was to the brave and strong "Pablo" that all the other members paid their respect and gave their admiration. "Pablo" enhanced his stature among his colleagues during the time of the Italian invasion of Ethiopia. Mr. Marryshow of Grenada had come to St. Vincent and held a meeting at the Public Library where he told his audience that they should enlist and fight for their black brethren in Ethiopia just as they had fought for the White man in the 1914-18 war. Sheriff immediately volunteered to go to Ethiopia, a

gesture which deeply touched the hearts of his companions, and on his return "Pablo" was superseded by "Haile Selassie." Once the 1935 outburst was underway "Selassie" assumed such leadership as there was. He feels proud of the part he played in the riots and acting as though he were a general deploying his men he would give this account of his role. "I instructed two men to tell the teachers not to allow the children to return to the evening school, and I ordered a group to command Mr. Isaacs to close down the Arrowroot Pool at once." In answer to the question regarding the reason for these instructions he calmly remarked: "We wanted to see all business places closed down until we could hear something."

Under the instructions of its "leader" the crowd went on the rampage. A group broke into the Prison and set free about eight to ten prisoners and beat the chief warder, while small groups went about town breaking stores and private homes. Mr. Corea's store was the target of most of the looting, chiefly because he was mistakenly believed to be the man behind the new taxes. These actions made it necessary to declare a state of emergency, though there are people who will tell you that the Governor read the Riot Act when he did, only to legalise post facto the commission of brutality that was already being perpetrated against the people.

The disturbances were not confined to Kingstown for as news of the outbreak reached the rural areas disgusted labourers and depressed unemployed jumped into the fray. The rioting spread on the Windward as far as Georgetown and penetrated the Leeward coast up to Chateaubelair. The story goes that a man from Coull's Hill, Buddy Sam, on learning of the unrest in Kingstown gathered a group to march to the capital but when he was on the outskirts of the town he heard that the rioters were being shot down in Kingstown. Immediately he halted his men and shouted, "Troop retreat, I am no commander."

But not all the districts along the coast were roused to arms by the news of the insurrection in Kingstown. On the Windward Mesopotamia, Biabou and Argyle remained relatively quiet, while on the Leeward coast Layou, Barrouallie and Troumaca were barely scotched by disorder. Still the disturbance was of sufficient magnitude to warrant the summons of the Volunteer Defence Force to supplement aid given by troops from the H.M.S. Challenger which arrived on the night of October 21.

By the evening of the 21st the conditions in Kingstown were restored to a state approaching normality. Then the witch-hunts and rounding-up began. So many people were arrested for looting and plundering that the prisons provided

insufficient accommodation and some had to be locked up in Fort Charlotte and others placed in custody in buildings on the premises of the Cotton Ginney. The strength of the Local Police Force at that time was fifty-two so it was found necessary to solicit help from its Grenada counterpart to carry out investigations. As a result of the investigations, so called, several arrests were made including those of George MacIntosh and Mr. H. E. Daisley. MacIntosh was accused of "compassing or intending to levy war against the King in order to put force or constraint upon the Governor of the Colony, and doing so by certain overt acts or deeds." The charges were grave yet the prosecution could not produce a straw of concrete evidence to convict the man. A great hulabaloo was raised over MacIntosh's exhortation to the crowd to fight for their rights. After a farce of a trial that lasted four days MacIntosh was freed amidst the wild jubilation of the Vincentian masses. But some of the rioters did not fare as well. In keeping with a tradition of harsh justice to camouflage a disinclination or inability to deal constructively with a problem, prison sentences ranging from 5 to 40 years were passed. Martin Durham got the longest term while Sheriff was to serve 86 years. The twelve "most dangerous" men were sent to Grenada to be securely imprisoned. Anyway, most of the longer jail sentences were never completed.

There are several aspects of the episode which bears recalling. The most significant was the hostile attitude of the masses towards the white section of the community. It was one hundred years after slavery but things had not changed substantially, if at all, and the blacks felt they had been cheated and oppressed by a small white class which jealously paraded all the corridors of power. They owned the lands, they owned the business-houses, they ran the Civil Service, and they controlled the legislature. There was no legitimate way out of this social morass—violence was the only answer. Indeed Sheriff Lewis relates that he and his boon companions used to sit under an old almond tree in the Market Square, where an old man named MacKenzie would speak about the parlous state of the country and suggested that the only remedy lay in riot. "St. Vincent needs a riot" had become his watchword and it was left to his favourite disciple to see the old man's injunction come true. And it was therefore not surprising that Mr. Corea's stores should be the target

of widespread looting for he epitomised the successful white planter-merchant perched comfortably at the inaccessible end of the social spectrum.

The racial antagonisms which inhered in the social situation were pushed to the fore by external events. In Abyssinia the Italians were killing out the black people and news of this outrage was circulated widely in St. Vincent through local newspapers—"The Times" and, particularly, "The Investigator" which devoted a weekly newsheet to a detailed report of the progress of the Italian-Ethiopian war. So present were the affairs in people's minds that in the local bars a drink was concocted and given in the name of Haile Selassie. So it was not surprising that so much hostility was directed against the local whites during the 1935 uprising. Plantation owners were attacked and several white citizens were accosted, but not much harm befell them owing to the unplanned nature of the riots and their possession of firearms. John Bull, a name which has now become associated with the riot, died cursing the white man.

The merchants played their part in precipitating the crisis. As is their wont they responded to news of higher import duties by chalking up their prices quite out of proportion to the increased impositions. These higher prices were of course intended to be passed on to the poor man, and he thought that this was the last straw. It stands to reason that the rioters sprang from the ranks of the uneducated and the unemployed. Many of them were playing dominoes when they heard of the gathering storm and they immediately left and became recruits for the pending outburst. This mass assault on the Establishment was not an irrational action. It needs to be repeated that all alternative methods to effecting social change were closed. The rioters suffered the only recorded deaths, they were beaten, and they were jailed. But they helped to dramatise the squalid conditions in which they lived and which were given an official exposé in the Moyne Commission Report. They also transmitted a message clearly to the succeeding generations. That there is a limit to the sufferings that the human animal will bear, and when that point is reached he will be prepared to sacrifice his life for the possibility of a better day. It is a story that has been and will be repeated time without number throughout the pages of history.

A JOURNALIST'S IMPRESSIONS OF ST. VINCENT—AN OVERVIEW

BY ROBERT BEST

The statistics show that of the estimated population of St. Vincent of just over 88,000, roughly 50 per cent is under 15 years of age while less than 20 percent is over 38. Statistics are cold facts and are never calculated to consider emotions, hopes, frustrations or ambitions. However, in the case of population figures they do give a guide as to what can be anticipated in human needs.

This young population of St. Vincent is going to be the challenge to whoever leads the country in the next 25 years. The problems involved transcend party allegiance and call for the concerted effort of all if the young Vincentians are to expect a future, at least better than that which those over 38 can look forward to at this stage.

Preoccupation with politics will not solve the problems nor will the struggle for a bit of the now small cake by those with vested interests win the plaudits of the young. A country like St. Vincent, with so young a population, is bursting with potential which if not properly harnessed could be the headache of those whose task it will be to guide these young people.

The very fact that the population is so young means that at least for the next 20 years a steady increase in population can be expected bringing with it a situation that right now is not as happy as one would hope, and has nothing to do with the political side.

In 1960 the figures showed that the population was then estimated at 79,948.

By 1964 this figure had risen to 87,000.

For 1965 it was estimated at 88,451.

The figures speak for themselves and with so many thousands around the child-bearing age, the picture created is one of more and more people.

The experts might observe that the child mortality rate is reasonably high due to the incidence of malnutrition, but the efforts of the Save The Children Fund are cutting down on this figure and thousands of babies survive.

Not many years from now, all these people under 15 will be seeking jobs in a country that at present has very limited job opportunities.

As a child population rises there will be the demand for more schools and one must consider where the money will be coming from to build them fast enough.

As these young people marry or form the "common-law" attachments that are part of the Caribbean social structure, there will be the need for more homes, and while one might be tempted to think that it is old people and

children who need the services of a doctor more than adults in their twenties and thirties the very fact that the size of the population is expected to increase will mean a demand for expanding medical services.

The per capita income estimated in 1964 was EC\$282. This means that roughly, weekly earnings are round EC\$6. for most people in St. Vincent. I have talked to domestics who earn EC\$7. a week while others earned EC\$25 a month. Most of these were young people and one could well appreciate what budgeting they would have to do to make ends meet. Even if it is considered that food is cheap, man does not live by bread alone, and this is the problem.

On the other hand there are a number of young people who earn reasonably good wages. Bank employees are paid from early a salary around EC\$130 while teachers get between EC\$90, to EC\$110, and graduates begin in the EC\$300 bracket. But it is usually the wages earned by those in jobs not requiring a degree of specialisation that can determine to a great extent the standard of living in any country.

St. Vincent's figures speak for themselves, but the question is how long have the people at the top to get on with this business of planning and acting before the pressure of the demands of the young people at the bottom begin to make itself felt in a way that might be most uncomfortable for all involved?

Part of the solution lies in better educational facilities if the youth are to be prepared for the challenges of the future. The importance of the educational aspect in a better future, has been emphasised in the Education Report that is part of the study made of Economic Development in the Eastern Caribbean Islands.

It was carried out under the direction of the Institute of Social and Economic Research (Eastern Caribbean) of the University of the West Indies. In the section dealing with education in St. Vincent, it was observed in Paragraph 87: "The preamble to this Report drew attention to the importance of an adequate system of secondary education if development-educational and national—is to be secured. The present provision is inadequate."

This Report speaks with authority and of course does not deal with the sweeping generalisation that is often common to tourist brochures. Under the heading "Education" the brochure I came across read: "Besides the numerous primary schools throughout the island, the St. Vincent Government runs two secondary schools—one for boys and one for girls. These permit students to reach the standard of educa-

tion required for entry to most British, United States, and Canadian Universities."

The main aspects of St. Vincent's educational problem are bound up in the fact that the country has a young population which has created a great pressure for more school places at all levels, while the economy is hard-pressed to keep up with these demands. This, in fact, is greater than the problem of present illiteracy. For if any improvement is to be made in literacy standards, it is among the young that the battle mainly must be fought.

Norma Keizer, a teacher at the Girls' High School, made a study of her country's education problems and in relation to what is involved at the primary level she had this to say in "Flam-beau", a quarterly magazine: "... The 1964 census, shows that St. Vincent has a birth-rate of over forty per thousand, one of the highest in the Caribbean. More significantly 43,995 people out of a total of 87,000 are under fifteen years old. In other words, about 50 per cent of the population are of primary school age ..."

"Given the age structure of the population and the birth—and death-rates it is anticipated that room will have to be provided annually for upwards of one thousand children where the country is already hard put to accommodate the present school-going population. In fact eight thousand places are needed right now."

Mrs. Keizer did not leave her argument hanging at this point. She went on to point out that these problems made themselves felt in the overall economic picture of the country.

She continued: "In order to understand the magnitude of the problem, we should look at the environment in which this population explosion is taking place. Ours is a poor country which cannot even balance its budget. We are living partly on dole. (This was in reference to the grant-in-aid the island receives from Britain). Education is not compulsory, only 27 per cent of our population has completed 6th and 7th standard work; only 5 out of every 100 primary school children finally attend secondary schools."

"The picture grows gloomier when we think that only 0.8 per cent of our population has an advanced level or university education. The Civil Service which comprises almost the bulk of our middle class people, according to Carleen O'Loughlin, is not of a high level as regards skill and qualifications. This last factor has been partly responsible for the fact that so far we have had no planned educational programme."

In the West Indies where our greatest potential rests in our people, it is easy to appreciate that the development of the whole area depends heavily on the educational standards the people can reach and how soon they can achieve them.

This then is the problem that St. Vincent faces, and it is not so much what is now being

done, but what can be done overall as quickly as possible.

Mrs. Keizer made mention of the gallant efforts her country is making in this direction but was forced to observe that there is still heavy overcrowding, while much is to be desired in teaching methods, techniques and teacher-training.

She wrote: "The history of recruitment of teachers in St. Vincent has shown that quality has always been sacrificed for quantity. Despite repeated criticisms and recognition of the need for training teachers, there has never been a trained teaching profession in the West Indies. St. Vincent is no exception. It is true that more and more teachers are being trained every year, yet no move has been made to see that every teacher is trained."

St. Vincent has been sending her teachers to Barbados and to Jamaica for training. She now has her own teacher-training going but still continues to send a few overseas, while bursaries and Commonwealth scholarships are a great help in time of need.

But the road is long and the task heavy. The battle has been joined and those in the fight know how much depends on them.

The benefits of responsible government will be meaningless unless the majority of people can be geared to accept these responsibilities and part of this preparation is a sound education foundation.

An indication of reading trends can help to pinpoint how alert the Vincentians are becoming or how much the rate of literacy is improving. Figures show that the Kingstown Public Library has a membership of over 5,000 adults while over 4,000 children make use of the juvenile section.

Apart from the Kingstown Public Library, there are 12 branches in the rural areas with ten of these in mainland St. Vincent, one in Bequia and one in Union Island.

One excellent feature about the library service in St. Vincent is that the Kingstown Library opens late—until 8:00 p.m. This affords many students the opportunity of using the quiet of the library to get on with their studies.

The recent survey made of St. Vincent's education facilities as part of the research carried out on the Economic Development in the Eastern Caribbean Islands, prompted Mr. G. H. Clough, who wrote the report on St. Vincent to observe: "Probably the best formula for 'energising' the people of a country and for getting them enthusiastically to participate in a development programme is 'to broaden their capacities, extend their knowledge and upgrade their skills.'"

"This development of a people's innate resources is more fully accomplished through

training at the secondary level (in the age range 18 to 17) rather than at the primary level (age range 5 to 12) ..."

There are nine secondary schools in St. Vincent with two completely owned by Government—the Boys' Grammar School and the Girls' High School. The other seven are either privately owned or are denominational with the Government giving a measure of aid.

In relation to this number of secondary schools up to the end of 1965 there were 56 primary schools. The school building programme is continuing but we are back to the vital question of not having enough trained teachers to really cope well with what will be entailed. For there is more to schools than buildings and more to classes than numbers. In fact, too big numbers can be an embarrassment not to mention the need for proper facilities such as desks, benches, and other supplies.

All these cost money and all are aware of the limitations of the St. Vincent budget. But there has been at least one suggestion made in the Clough report on this matter.

In the preamble to his report in the Economic Development in the Eastern Caribbean series he wrote: "As education is a long term investment it is proper that the financing of it should be met not only from funds that may be available at the moment but from loans, the repayment of which over a long period of years falls on those who will have profited from the education gained as a result of expenditure of the capital raised by loans. Every source should therefore be tapped to attempt to meet capital demands by loans."

This could well be the answer if St. Vincent is to make the vital "breakthrough" in her education drive. Right now it is estimated that she can only afford to spend on each child at primary level some 10 percent of what many of her better off neighbours spend on each of theirs.

It is possible to remain in Kingstown and be unmindful or unaware of the signs of poverty that hit the eye in the rural areas. Kingstown stands nestled below the hills with their beautiful houses commanding an enviable view. But way out in the countryside, while there are still beautiful homes to be seen, some displaying originality of design and distinctive taste, here and there are thatched roofed huts, sometimes with sides made of mud or grass.

The impression on seeing these far from inspiring structures is that they might have been lifted from an African native village and transplanted in St. Vincent.

The average Vincentian is very house conscious, and often the beautiful exteriors of their homes are matched by tasteful interior decorations. But this contrast in housing conditions of beautiful homes on the one hand and depress-

ing huts on the other reflects the difference between opportunity on the part of some and the effects of the plantation system on others.

Over the years a large number of Vincentians emigrated, many going to Aruba and Curacao, and on their return home many built the beautiful homes now to be seen in St. Vincent. As would be expected also, those Vincentians who have been able to land better paid jobs have been able to look after themselves.

But in the rural areas, hundreds of Vincentians look to the estate as a means of livelihood and existence and for many of these the estate is the centre of life.

With life centred so much on the activities of the estate it can be understood that ambitions could easily be limited and cultural life adversely affected. Furthermore, with the estate providing so much of the necessities of life, such as food and a roof over one's head, however small or uninspiring, it can be seen how the people involved could fall into the habit of not showing any great individual enterprise.

This lack of enterprise might well be interpreted as ignorance, but the pull of environment could so limit one's horizons that the better things of life do not enter into one's imagination.

The St. Vincent Government is making a gallant effort to improve the housing situation. Units varying in cost and size are being built in this drive for better housing. A number of the smaller ones are rented at the very reasonable amount of \$4 monthly while in the other schemes the Government provides the land and after a deposit has been made on the land, a house can be built.

One of the well laid out housing schemes is to be found at Stony Ground where houses have been built for those in the middle income group. In close proximity of this scheme is a playground, a school, a cinema and quarters for a doctor. It was originally planned as the site of a new hospital, but then it was decided to concentrate on this well laid-out scheme instead.

From the work that is being done to tackle the problems of housing, St. Vincent can claim to be in company with those islands in the Caribbean which are doing good work in this direction.

But if housing is moving ahead, there is still a lot of work to be done on improving the water system and the roads. St. Vincent has one of the highest rainfalls in the Caribbean, yet it is surprising that households often suffer from a scarcity of pipe-borne water.

The Minister of Communications and Works told me that the Government is working hard on an improved water system. A Central Water Authority is to be set up and at New Montreal catchment tanks are being built to

collect some of the millions of gallons of water that now run off into the sea.

As for the roads, these prove to be an exasperation to scores of drivers. In Kingstown, itself, the drivers show an unusual dexterity in dodging potholes. Almost daily workmen can be seen patching gaping holes which are mischievously referred to as "Joshua banana holes."

Other visible evidence of improvement is the island's deep water harbour but to many businessmen this harbour is only visible progress for they claim that in the good old days of the lighters, landing costs were much lower while today with the operation of the harbour they have to pay a lot more. This results in the cost of living being pushed up, while they were all made to believe that the efficiency of the harbour would have led to a reduction in costs.

But there are other aspects of the harbour's operation which are far from satisfactory to many Vincentians.

Interesting questions have been raised in the Legislature about the operation of the harbour. This whole business of the harbour could lead to serious investigations, and if ever there should be a change of Government one can anticipate from the number of questions that have been asked by the Opposition in the Legislature about its operation, that an inquiry of some sort will be made.

Think of St. Vincent and at once thoughts of Mount Soufriere, sea island cotton and arrowroot filter through the mind. But sea island cotton and arrowroot have had hard days and today it is bananas, chiefly exported to Britain where Britons are "unzipping bananas" with greater frequency, that bring in most of the island's hard cash.

It is estimated that some 4,500 holdings in the island are under bananas with the majority of these being under five acres. In 1961 it was estimated that overall there was an acreage of over 5,000 under bananas. This overall estimate was roughly made, since on many Vincentian estates bananas are grown alongside and even among other crops like coconuts.

The importance of bananas is further brought out by the fact in 1964 that this crop accounted for some EC\$9,427,000 of the total domestic exports out of a grand total of exports valued at EC\$6,014,000.

But while Commonwealth preference backed up by a quota system protects St. Vincent's bananas, the fortunes of arrowroot have been less rosy and have been a great embarrassment to those involved in its production.

Apart from the fact that this crop has been hit by increasing production costs and decreasing market prices the situation has been further aggravated by overproduction in the industry.

Arrowroot serves as a base for such delicacies as jellies, jelly-like deserts, and baby foods. But technology has dealt this source of natural starch a heavy blow in that today there are a number of synthetically produced substances that have ousted arrowroot from its once enviable place of prominence.

It is estimated that over EC\$1½ million worth of arrowroot is now tied up in St. Vincent with no available market for export. This is the visible evidence of overproduction in the industry but this very overproduction has been encouraged by the death of the sugar industry in the island.

Sugar was usually grown in St. Vincent's reasonably dry areas and so when that crop went out of production in seeking a substitute crop it had to be one that would be suitable to the dry areas. This is where arrowroot came in.

Bananas need a good rainfall to thrive and could have possibly been grown under irrigation in these dry areas but this would have had the effect of pushing up the cost of production.

The troubles and weaknesses of arrowroot were brought out in an interview I had with Mr. Basil Balcombe. At 63, Mr. Balcombe's career as an agriculturist is a rags-to-riches story.

Mr. Balcombe left school when he was 18 and started as a groom boy. It is a tribute to his business sense and management skill that today he controls over 1,000 acres and operates two arrowroot factories.

Mr. Balcombe took over Mt. Bantinck estate after sugar production ended there and in his first year got a produce of 7,000 barrels. Looking back on all this, Mr. Balcombe observed: "Perhaps in many respects this heavy production helped to contribute to the present overproduction."

He added: "Today we have some 55,000 barrels of starch lying in the warehouse while our contract for sales overseas is little over 20,000 barrels yearly. You will appreciate at once that we have in stock a supply for almost three years according to the present export rate. And this does not take into consideration present production."

Mr. Balcombe, who has the economics of arrowroot on his fingertips, told me how the market price of arrowroot had dropped over the years. He said that in 1963 the producers received EC\$40 a barrel. By 1964 they were offered EC\$36, a barrel and last year they could only get EC\$28 for each barrel of starch produced.

After showing how the cost of producing arrowroot has been rising steadily over the years, Mr. Balcombe expressed the view that St. Vincent should not have stopped its sugar cane production. He pointed to such thriving areas as Georgetown, one of St. Vincent's rural towns, and stressed that the prosperity of the

area owed much to sugar.

He felt that even if St. Vincent could not have produced enough sugar for foreign consumption, she could have stayed in business on her own behalf and produce sugar for her home market.

"This would have kept many thousands of dollars in the country besides providing jobs for a number of Vincentians."

Mr. Balcombe claimed that taking into consideration that Vincentians consume some 3,000 tons of sugar annually, production for the home market might well have been worthwhile.

He said: "When we produced our own sugar we paid 11 cents per pound for it. Today we import it and pay 15 cents a pound. I well realise that production costs have gone up over the years but I well recall that at the time when it was decided that sugar was uneconomical, pressure was still being put on the producers to pay higher wages."

"As a result many of us were forced to turn to arrowroot and the economic situation has not improved to any appreciable extent."

It is bananas then that now exert the greatest pull in attracting dollars to St. Vincent. But an economy based so heavily on bananas can be slippery. It is a crop that is extremely vulnerable to the high winds that are common to the West Indies at a particular time of the year.

There is great hope for increased tourism, but this would have to be pushed extensively over the next few years. However, the potential is there. For St. Vincent has the sun, the sea, and a natural beauty that is a visitor's delight.

Yet the island will remain mainly agricultural for at least another two generations and until then Vincentians will have to adjust their planning to suit the vagaries and fluctuations that are part of agricultural productivity.

The instability of St. Vincent's political structure was described by Mr. Kenneth John in an article in the quarterly magazine *Flambeau*, published by the Kingstown Study Group last July. He puts it this way:

"With the advent of the universal franchise in 1951.... the flood-gates of pentup frustrations were unlocked and the people channelled all their released emotions into politico-economic movements. Everyone had to be a party man and a unionist in a fashion bordering on the fanatic. A political vacuum was created which sucked in the charismatic leader to offer a 'Father figure' image to a people still afflicted with the slave mentality of Massa Day.

"Political meetings spiced with meaningless sloganising and empty promises became the chief form of entertainment in a culturally benighted region. Following their local hero to whom they were often bonded by the spell of persuasive oratory and social identification, or by the more compulsive stranglehold of

economic dependence the people shifted their support with every move he made.

"And the politician, newly arrived, and bewitched by the intoxicant of freshly won laurels, gyrated between parties, crossed the floor, and performed all sorts of incredible political gymnastics in the haunting desire to consolidate his acquisition of power. Thus has the political situation in St. Vincent remained fluid, even amorphous. The game of party chairs and music has become commonplace and makes a mockery of the political process.

"When it is recalled that all these problems are located in a small, backward island, with no clear cut future, the political situation seems very bleak and to admit to no ready answer."

Frequent visitors to St. Vincent will tell you that over the past ten years the island has lost little of its unspoilt beauty and charm and that the friendliness for which Vincentians are famous is still there. But beneath these familiar exteriors there is a political tide that pulls with such strength that it is difficult for any Vincentian to avoid being swept along with it.

Even the children who might not know the significance of party slogans can be heard shouting as a political opponent goes by, such words as: "Labour dead" which was the People's Political Party's slogan in last year's general election, or "we shall overcome" the slogan the St. Vincent Labour Party has borrowed from America's advancing coloured people.

But don't be misled that the use of a slogan like "we shall overcome" at once classifies the St. Vincent political struggle as being in the racial class. Far from it.

This is no race politics. St. Vincent has little room for racial matters. This is a struggle that has split the society almost in two, with people of all religions and ethnic groupings joining the fight behind the two political giants - Mr. Ebaneser Joshua and Mr. Milton Cato - of this 150 squaremiles island with its 85,000 people.

Under other circumstances, this political curiosity and activity on the part of Vincentians might well be interpreted as a healthy sign, but according to present trends, it has created an atmosphere not so much of party rivalry but of individual hatred and mutual suspicion.

Because of this, sinister implications are readily imagined and read into certain Government moves on the one hand, while on the other members of Joshua's ruling People's Political Party can see only attempts from all sides to hold it up to ridicule and embarrassment.

Mr. Joshua's political opponents will tell you that because of his actions and mouthings at public meetings and in the Legislature, it is

obvious that he brooks no opposition while these very statements by Mr. Joshua might well be interpreted on his part as the only way that he can hit back in a situation that sees his party holding on for its political life as Mr. Milton Cato's St. Vincent Labour Party seeks to remove power and control from its grasp.

In such a fight it can easily be understood that no quarter is given and because of the political rift in the society, every public human activity, with the doubtful exception of religion and entertainment, becomes smeared with politics.

Such vital organisations as the Civil Service and the police force—vital because of the need for administration and smooth running of Government business and for the feeling of security that must be part of law and order—have been dragged through the political mud.

P.P.P. members will not hesitate to point out that they are aware that in the last election campaign members of the civil service openly supported the other party while in many quarters Labour Party members would openly state that they know for a fact that at least one top official in the police force has been linked with P.P.P. party caucuses.

The end result of all this is that among some members of the Civil Service there is a feeling of insecurity and some decisions affecting them are viewed as being made more in the light of party favouritism than on the grounds of individual merit. But with the police it is even worse.

The civil servants have had a rough time at a number of political meetings held by the P.P.P. Even the judiciary has not been spared, but in this respect justice took its course and contempt charges resulted in one man being jailed for two months while another (a member of the Labour Party) was fined \$250.

As far back as 1962, Mr. Joshua has expressed his lack of confidence in certain sections of the civil service, the teachers and the plantocracy. In his memorandum submitted at the inquiry carried out into the Public Works Department that year, he wrote: "The extreme rivalry existing at the time of these changes (he was referring to the introduction of Ministerial Government in 1961) by the Opposition party in trying to pass these powers in its own hands and its failure to capture political power, the resultant repercussions brought to light very clearly that a very large measure of support from the civil service, the teaching profession and the plantocracy was directed against the elected Government, in favour of the Opposition party".

Much water has passed under the political bridge since 1963 but it has not washed away the basic suspicion on all sides.

The Civil Service Association has not been dragging its feet. It has protested from time to

time about the attacks to which it has been subjected. The association represents between 70 to 80 percent of the monthly paid civil servants. This percentage in itself shows the strength of the association and the repercussion that are possible so long as politics condition attitudes.

It must be noted that the teachers and the Civil Servants constitute a large segment of the middle-class and while only a Gallop poll can give with accuracy the significance of the middle-class vote, the Labour Party has been claiming that much of its support is to be found in the middle-class groups. But somehow Mr. Joshua has been able to convince a number of Vincentians that the emerging "middle-class" leadership of the Labour Party is not for their benefit and perhaps the very sophistication of it could be handicap in an island that has a high illiteracy rate.

Part of Mr. Joshua's appeal has been made possible by his heavy reliance on radio broadcasts, a privilege that the Opposition has not been able to enjoy.

The fact that the Government is in a position to exercise a degree of control over the local broadcasting station speaks for itself. The local Press might air the views of the Labour Party but these will never reach certain people for the simple reason that they might not be able to read. But the spoken word poses for them no embarrassment and so radio could be an important medium for influencing them.

Mr. Joshua's opponents might accuse him of carrying out "grudge campaigns"; of building up the people's hopes while not really doing anything to better their condition; of speaking that particular language that appeals to a certain type of mentality or of creating the impression among the very poor that it is the land-owners and business elements in the country who are responsible for their plight.

But in spite of all this, when one really sees the poverty that exists in certain parts of the island, particularly in some reputed P.P.P. strongholds, it speaks much for the man's persuasive powers that he could convince people in this misery that he is their only hope.

Whatever the future holds for St. Vincent the outcome of the next general election could have the greatest influence on what course the country takes. But politics apart, what has to be done to create an atmosphere that would encourage the country to move ahead with the necessary vibrancy transcends party differences. The provision of a better society, one that will afford more opportunity for all those children who are under 15 and who comprise nearly 50 percent of the island's population, must take priority in any future plans.

The need for more schools, better medical facilities and the creation of more jobs are

matters which will not wait until human disagreements have resolved themselves to then make itself felt in frustration, anxiety and hopelessness among the youth.

Perhaps at this stage it might be worthwhile to consider the necessity for a more extensive and well-planned campaign of birth-control. More advanced nations all over the world are finding that such a campaign is a present help in avoiding the future embarrassment of too many mouths to feed, too many children to school, and too many jobs to find especially in a community that is mainly agricultural and is now trying to attract more industries.

Agriculturally St. Vincent is better placed than most West Indian islands. She has a large number of small peasant holdings. This preponderance of the peasantry goes back to the days of the late 1890's when a Royal Commission made provision for land settlement in the area.

Today there are some 4,453 holdings in St. Vincent under one acre: 4,762 between one and five acres: and over 800 between five and ten acres. This means that there are over 10,000 small holdings in the island involved in growing traditional crops apart from being engaged in rearing livestock. The rearing of livestock has great potential and already the island is exporting a number of these to Trinidad since that country has eased former restrictions in this sector.

I was told that St. Vincent's soil is very rich and I could not help thinking that a well-organised programme of crop diversification might prove profitable from an export point of view. Such a programme could be pushed to so step up production of vegetables that St. Vincent might be able to supply these to many other West Indian islands that now import these from outside the area.

The island's tourist potential is there, but in this day of political scares, the success of tourism,

especially in the Caribbean depends on the projection of stability which Governments in the individual islands can give. The recent constitutional dispute in St. Vincent has been enough to make a number of would-be visitors cancel their reservation.

It was not that the St. Vincent situation was all that volatile, but since the days of the Cuba scare and the recent political unrest in Santo Domingo, to most North American minds, political unrest can only mean guns and tanks.

From this angle the Vincentian leaders owe it to their country to settle the present impasse as soon as possible. The country has been gradually increasing its expenditure on tourism but in comparison with other competitors there is still a long way to go. Tourism is one industry that demands heavy investment if big returns are anticipated. But perhaps development and expansion in all these areas may be just so much window-dressing.

What might be of even more importance is human relationships. I gather that there is much room for improvement in this area especially with dealings among civil servants in the island. Unless these can be given a feeling of security it would be inevitable for those who might now find themselves engrossed in political platforms. It can interfere with their efficiency and cause them to lose respect for the very men whom they should be assisting in running the country.

The country needs the civil servant and the civil servant needs security. Respect can neither be won by intimidation, encouraged by favouritism, or ensured by bribery.

Whoever gets the job of assuming in the long run the political responsibility in this beautiful island, it will be that person's vision foresight and goodwill not only towards his friends, but towards Vincentians as a whole that will make all the difference.

EDUCATION AND SOCIAL GOALS

BY KENNETH JOHN

The British Caribbean Area is fast moving from a position of dependence to a new position of formal independence. In 1888 a Commission had referred to the region as a tropical farm of the British Nation, which is what it was. If a new relationship is to be established today in order to invest political independence with some meaning a lot of work will have to be done in the field of broad education. Problems will have to be defined and goals clarified. For on the one hand there seems to be an affirmation of West Indianisation implicit in the quest for

Independence and its improvised variants, and on the other hand there is a negation of the spirit of West Indian unity evidenced in the fragmentation of the area. Among other things the educational system must be geared to effect some sort of reconciliation between these divergent trends and in so doing to blur the deeper lines of insularity.

Probably the most besetting sin of the region is its lack of a cultural identity. Every group, if it is to have meaningful survival value, must possess a sense of history, have some definite

purpose, and must be headed in a direction which it considers desirable. If there is an absence of roots and there are only vague goals the group becomes disoriented and the Society, so far from being a dynamic entity is cut adrift, as it were. What we need to remedy this defect is a proper history of ourselves highlighting the social origins of our people, not the conventional military and narrowly political history studded with the names of monarchs and battles and dates. There must be a history of ourselves in its own right, no longer must we form a footnote to the history of the imperial power. In this context a proper study of slavery becomes imperative, for it was the crucible whence we sprang an ill-formed society.

As ex-slaves we should be taught that our history did not begin on the docks in the Caribbean or at the slave-marts on the African coast. Most of us came from Africa, and many of us are of Asian extraction. A proper study of Africa may lead us to discover, for instance, that although the standard of civilisation was not uniformly high throughout the continent, it certainly did not present the picture of utter barbarity which is commonly taught to us. We need to know, too, that there is nothing inherently shameful about our slave past. It would save a lot of embarrassment if we knew that slavery was a universal institution, though it assumed a particular form in the West Indies. And we should play up the role of the freedom-fighters among the slaves who instituted any number of slave revolts and demonstrated many other forms of resistance. In other words though history should aim at a measure of objectivity the interpretation of the neutral facts should be influenced by the needs of the present.

But education in the West Indies is not well integrated with the social system. It has always been a pale imitation of the British educational system. The original impulse to West Indian Education came to meet a social need as defined by the colonial power. After Emancipation came the so-called Negro Question. It dawned suddenly on the British that slavery was not the best training-ground for a people it was about to let loose in a new free society. It was felt that the negro who was alienated and brutalised before abolition would experience untold difficulties in adjusting to the new situation. This problem of incorporation ex-slaves into the New Society and the lurking fear that the imminent collapse of the social order was a distinct possibility led to the Negro Education Grant which, incidentally, provided more money to be spent on education in the West Indies than was spent in England at the time. But when it is recalled that this education was meant to meet a specific need the nature of its content could easily be anticipated. The Church was given the official green-light to spread the gospel, impose its

catechisms, and foist its doctrines on the people. Not unnaturally a heavy emphasis was placed on one's duty to one's neighbour, of the christian's duty to carry himself lowly and reverently before teachers and pastors, and to be satisfied with that station in life in which it hath pleased God to place him. Tolerance, submissiveness and resignation were the be-all and end-all of immediate post-slavery education.

Education drifted on in this undisciplined fashion for a number of years. This has been partly due to the fact that the problem has almost always been defined in the terms of so-called visiting experts rather than by local people who are strategically placed to understand the needs of the society and are prepared to come to grips with the real indigenous difficulties. Eric Williams broke ground only a few years ago when he had an Education Report on Trinidad submitted by an entirely West Indian team of Commissioners. Things are beginning to change, but not nearly fast enough. Until the Cato Report even the University College of the West Indies had been conceived and set up on the basis of reports done by the foreigner. As a direct result West Indian education, including education at the University of the West Indies, has not been generated from within but mainly takes its cue from external promptings, reflecting changes and responding to pressures from outside of the region. This does not speak well for the area especially as the pivotal role of education in giving vitality and dynamism to a society is beyond question. For a social system to function properly there must be certain built-in qualities which accord it survival value. These include an adaptive element, determinate goals, and mechanisms to provide for the integration of the system. And education is the chief agency through which this resilience can be achieved.

To begin with, the area has to grapple with the problems of rapid population growth which doubles every twenty-five years or so, and the very limited resources which affect levels of living as well as poses a serious political problem. Tourism which has been regarded as the salvation of the region also presents some evils. For the society to adapt and properly accommodate to the changes which the tourist industry entails, for example, it must legislate for the social control of land use and institute beach control authorities. Some controls should also be placed on the fishing industry to protect local fishermen, and efforts should be made to ensure that the whole pattern of recreational behaviour is not adversely affected. Secondly, education in Europe followed in the wake of industrialisation and was accordingly streamlined to rationalise an existing state of economic affairs. In the West Indies, on the other hand, education preceded industrialisation and pro-

duced relatively high rates of literacy which are geared to a pre-industrial society. In fact in many of the West Indian islands the little industrial education has slipped in, so to speak, through the backdoor by way of a poorly organised apprenticeship system. This is a totally inadequate system to meet the technical needs of the society. In the prevailing scheme of things, as soon as an apprentice feels that he has acquired enough of the skills to permit him an independent existence he branches off and sets up his own business. What is sorely needed is a bureaucratic system with the establishment of a Standards Board, and the move towards certification. In addition commercial education which seems to have sprung up in a fit of absentmindedness on the fringes of the general system should be accorded a place in the curriculum in its own right.

One needs not to go as far as one lecturer in English at the U.W.I. who is supposed to have said that the West Indian can never make a first-class English Honours student. Nonetheless, it remains largely true that the finer points of English Literature can never be fully appreciated by the bulk of the West Indians. With this in mind there should be some attempt made to revamp the traditional classical approach to education and de-emphasize the role of the literary element in curricula. It is probably symptomatic of the inherited school of thought that attaches great weight to the literary aspect that, instead of being the logical ones to be established first at the U.W.I., the faculties of agriculture and engineering were the last to attract the serious attention of West Indian educationists or, rather, educationists for the West Indies. Just over a century ago DeVerteuil in his history of Trinidad declared that a programme of agricultural education was a "must" in the West Indies, but his advice was not heeded for a very long time. In fact there were serious discussions in learned West Indian journals and magazines as to whether or not the negro mind could absorb the teachings of science. Given the values of the society which cast a stigma on all forms of manual labour agricultural students were not forthcoming in sufficient numbers. Many believed that agriculture featured too "low" in the syllabus. The teaching profession, as a mobile class in a rigidly stratified society, was obsessed with the notion of status and its external symbols. It was thought unbecoming for teachers to take off their coats and ties which they had to do to teach agriculture properly. They would not lightly throw away their hard-won "respectability". Even when the realities of the situation forced themselves on the population agricultural education hardly became an integral part of general education. It was taught away from the established centres and

institutions, say at the Eastern Caribbean Farm Institute or at Twickenham Park, probably as unfortunate aberrations of the system.

Probably more important than the question of adaptation is the matter of desired goals. The chief goals in the West Indies are a political democracy and racial equality, but unless the educational system is oriented towards making the way possible for the attainment of these goals they will remain unreachable ideals. The people of the region are woefully illiterate and such people find it difficult to understand the world in which they live. It is possible that the illiterate person may possess enough mental equipment to operate effectively at the local level but he is usually completely overwhelmed by the complexities of the modern international world. One can romanticise about the common sense and basic intelligence of the ordinary man and nauséam but unless a certain standard of literacy has been achieved he remains pliant and manipulable to the craft and cunning of the shrewd but literate leader. It means too that there will be an immense cleavage in organisations. The officers of any group must attain a certain standard of literacy in order to conduct the business of the body. Where there is a large proportion of illiterate rank-and-file members there can hardly be any sense of internal democracy. There would be an absence of meaningful dialogue since the illiterates would be suffering severe communication problems, there would be no popular participation in decision-making, and all ideas and rules will flow in a one-way traffic from the top. And the way would be left wide open for undetected corruption. It is because of this that the history of most mass organisations in the West Indies—the trade union, the credit union and co-operatives, has been a history of studied corruption. The Friendly Societies have been anything but friendly. They have been the el dorado of many an unscrupulous and rapacious secretary-treasurer. Wells, investigating the workings of West Indian Friendly Societies in the 1940's referred to the widespread organisational exploitation and called for their replacement by National Insurance Schemes.

The other chief aspiration of West Indian society, though some folks seem to think that it is a reality, is racial concord. There is an oral tradition about race in the West Indies that is not reflected in the official literature. There is no greater myth than the racial harmony that is preached and repeated like any church litany, and with about the same spiritual significance attached. Race problems in the West Indies are never confronted; they are shelved, or wish- ed away. The origin of the myriad races that make up the inhabitants of the area must be tackled fearlessly and debated openly. One

needs to know what it means to be black, coloured or white under the present Dispensation. An honest-to-goodness approach in education must be started. All books, and there are many of them, which by their underlying anti-black bias subtly inculcate an inferiority complex in the West Indian Negro must be struck off the reading-list in schools. Films which hold up African tribal life to ridicule and whose latent purpose is to reinforce the supremacy of white values must not be shown in the West Indies. In our cosmopolitan society one must be encouraged to probe the roots of cultural differences among the several people as a prelude to tolerance, understanding and mutual respect. In default of this all sort of distorted philosophies and bizarre cults like Rastafarianism are likely to spring up among the social outcasts who are in

desperate search of an ideology which can give them an identity, respect, and some meaningful existence in the prevailing scheme of things.

Integration of the society will come about as a result of the efforts made to realise the goals of a political democracy and racial equality. For if these efforts are sincerely made the elitist concept of democracy now in vogue as well as the existing rigidly stratified social structure that is galvanized by the race and colour theme, will both go by the board. But so long as our educational system is not tailored to meet the demands of the society and there is no linkage between education and experience, so long will our society remain sick to the point of schizophrenia, symptoms of which it is increasingly putting on display.

SOME POLITICAL ASPECTS OF INDEPENDENCE

BY E. AUGUSTUS & W. RODNEY

WITHOUT indulging in any invective it can be stated that colonialism meant for all territories of the West Indies a subjection to metropolitan interests. If political independence is not to be purely nominal it is imperative that we seize the opportunity now afforded us for the first time to reorganise our society in our own interests.

A sound knowledge and understanding of the pure colonial model as well as of our more recent transitional history is essential to our future orientation. In the political sphere there are three legacies of colonialism which merit attention. Firstly, there is the piecemeal approach to problems, which must give way to total planning. Secondly, there is the unfortunate habit of looking outside for the solutions of internal problems—the running home to London to save the Federation; the futile hopes that Britain in her benevolence would maintain the same system of preferences in favour of the West Indies once she gains her independence of these islands. Thirdly, there is the authoritarian tradition bequeathed by the system of imperial relationships. Two important organs will suffice to pinpoint this: the political parties and the trade unions. Democracy can only work when the people are given clear alternatives and when the machinery is present so that the mass participates in the decision-making processes. This does not really apply to our political parties. In the West Indies there has been plenty of "political trickstering" but little sincere attempt to expose the population

to arguments which may enable them to make rational and informed decisions. Nearly all the islands have trade unions which reduce democracy to a farce, many decisions being taken even without the consultation of the members. Wherever the semblance of popular support for the middle and upper sections of our community is achieved it is primarily because they possess a monopoly of the propaganda machinery and/or because the lower sections have no real choice. It is incumbent on any government to redress this imbalance.

The colonial attitudes must go, to be replaced by a systematic ideology. All that ideology implies is the complex of values, ends and means which have been decided on in the light of our own objective situation. It may well be that we can adopt some fundamental way of looking at the world from other communities, and that we can borrow various techniques used by countries in a similar position; but to say that one is a British Labour Party Socialist, or even a Marxist-Leninist, is quite meaningless. Any ideology we embrace must be flexible enough to admit of synthesis but definitive enough to exclude "revisionism" in the pejorative sense. Certain Social and economic ends have already been posited, and may be summarised as follows:

1. Social
 - (a) the integration of the community;
 - (b) the maximisation of individual dignity;
2. Economic
 - (a) the full exploitation of the potential wealth of the community;
 - (b) a more equitable distribution of such wealth.

The perennial political problem of who is to govern must be given adequate attention. Actual power in a society such as ours tends to be in the hands of elites. Since 1938 a Middle class elite group has ruled in most of the islands. The members of this group are experts at making and breaking constitutions, but in so far as values are concerned they have little to offer the community, and their departure would be welcome even if they all have to be pensioned off. The only replacement for the present "establishment" are those who can be counted on to define clear goals in a more objective manner. That is to say while this new elite may be middle class it will not share middle class biases. One has only to consider by way of example that the middle class intelligentsia is more susceptible to revolutionary ideas than the proletariat, to realise that the idea of such leadership is by no means strange. The emphasis is laid on group leadership rather than on the elevation of a single individual, since, although the charisma of a particular leader is useful and virtually inevitable in a small community it is unwise to perpetuate the personal cultism which now exists in West Indian politics. It is not over-optimistic to suppose that the U.W.I. can produce such an elite group. In fact this is one of the few ways in which it can justify its existence. The urbane detachment of the British University is a luxury that we cannot afford with our limited resources, the dynamic role of the Latin-American Universities being far more relevant.

It is our contention that the desired reforms cannot be brought about by gradualism, and since they will not come about by spontaneous generation they have to be pushed through in a manner that is bound to invite opposition. As it is, the present elites show no sign of willingness to abdicate power and, indeed, the likelihood is that attempts will be made to freeze the political situation in a way that would exclude interlopers. However, granted that the new elite achieves power through the normal channels, when they attempt to implement social and economic policies, which are relatively more beneficial to lower sections, certain groups will engage in increased activity designed to prevent this. The primacy of politics lies in the fact that it not only supervenes the clashing of interests, but prescribes which interests may present themselves at the contest. The counter-elite group would be powerful and highly articulate, and government must take vigorous measures if it is to compete successfully against them. One way to eliminate them as serious competitors for popular support is to break their monopoly control of propaganda agencies. It is impossible to implement social reform when the largest circulating daily belongs to a reactionary opposition. The implications here would

appear to be a destruction of certain essential civil liberties and the opposition would inevitably appear under guise of champions of democratic freedoms such as freedom of the press. A little reflection shows that freedom of the press in the West Indies has merely meant the monopoly control of the most important agency for the dissemination of information by those in a financially superior position. It must be conceded that any attempt to implement sweeping reorganisation will demand an increase in the authoritarian element of government, but it shall be argued further that this need not necessarily conflict with popular participation and its justification is that in any case it is a transitional phenomenon.

The most important task of government would be to mobilise the ordinary people and make them a functioning part of the decision-making machinery. The elite must proceed on the assumption that the vast majority of the people are capable of envisaging "the good society" but in practice seldom achieve clarity for a number of reasons. Firstly, they lack the necessary information about alternatives and their implications; secondly, owing to the fact that their experience is often limited by the geographical and social area in which they exist, as well as by lack of educational opportunities, they are denied certain essential comparative tools of analysis; thirdly, more often than not they think in terms of self rather than community and hence cannot arrive at a total picture. Complete mobilisation in the pursuit of common goals is no easy task and some of the pitfalls in the paths of the attempt should be pointed out. Firstly, there is the possibility that full mobilisation will not take place. Traditionalism especially in the rural areas may stand as a barrier to progress, and while it is relatively easy to justify high handed treatment of counter-elites, it is another matter to coerce sections of the populace into doing what is supposedly for their own good. This introduces us to the second trap, and that is, the tendency for the ruling elite to confuse what it feels to be in the best interests of the people with what the people themselves feel are in their own best interests. Finally, mobilisation can take the form of propagandising in the vicious sense, where high pressure techniques are used to fog the minds of people, so that what comes out of them is really what was intended should come out. If a government can achieve such a feat, it would have justified its claim to govern, but we place this outside of present realities. Optimism for the success of political mobilisation is based on the fact that if sociological and economic insights are reasonably accurate, then one can say that the programme will accord with the fundamental aspirations of the people, and they them-

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selves will articulate them when given the opportunity.

To make the people the audience of mass media of communication is essential but not enough. It is clear that a problem of communication exists on the psychological level. Education is the only answer to this and must be the new dynamic in the state. If this has not been already appreciated, then we state explicitly that the education system must be redesigned both in form and spirit to suit the new ends of the nation.

Earlier the possibility of opposition and its treatment was considered. This is not to suggest, however, that every attempt should not be made during the process of mobilisation to enlist support even from potentially hostile groups. To define progress in terms of the state is not to deny the existence of smaller groups within the state. The effort shall be made to harness various group interests in order to make them part of an organic whole.

Operationally, the best chances of success for the programme lie in enlisting the support of the youth of the country, and, of course, by the practical test of successful government, since mobilisation is inevitably accompanied by rising needs and expectations, which must not be frustrated if stability is to be preserved. It is for this last reason that exaggerated claims for economic benefits cannot be made, since it is more than likely that a period of austerity would precede prosperity. If values are defined primarily in social terms—against race and class prejudices, in favour of self-sacrifice—then the probability of surviving the transitional period of reform is greater.

It has been contended in some quarters that the postulation of new goals in society requires of necessity that the old institutions be scrapped. This is an extreme position even though some institutional arrangements might have to be modified. No matter how rapid and thorough a change is effected some element of continuity with the past must be preserved because of certain psychological implications. To go rapidly and yet not to appear to do so is tactically the wisest approach. The Parliamentary Constitution is the best example which can be considered. If the Constitution is so cast that it can perform no useful function then it must be radically transformed. It is to

be hoped, however, that any constitution in the area will have sufficient flexibility to serve the ends of the new elite.

Earlier it was stated that strong central government need not exclude popular participation, and this can now be considered further. The government would be supported either by a formalised political party or by organised elements in the community. In the former case, the party structure should be such as to allow the free upward flow of ideas. One danger to be guarded against in a poor community such as ours is that a party may tend to accept financial support from certain interests in the community, which is the surest way of betraying the popular cause. In the second case, arrangements can be made on a regional basis so that a sense of identification is brought about by the people themselves carrying out local projects within the national framework. At the same time this would lessen the necessity for extensive bureaucratisation.

In favour of the Civil Service it must be said that this is one of the few credit entries in the colonial ledger. The West Indies is unique among territories on the eve of independence in being able to boast of a civil service that is almost completely local. These skills should be utilised, one field in which this is possible being that of specific planning. The calibre of individuals required on a planning staff must be no less than that of those required to take policy decisions. In fact greater academic detachment is demanded of the planner. Gifted individuals in the society must always be wooed since their insights can be of great help in formulating policy. One is minded to cite C. L. R. James whose contribution to Trinidad and the West Indies has not been inconsiderable. It shall be the function of such individual thinkers, of the planners, and of the political leaders, constantly to reassess the national situation. Any system adopted must have within it the germ of change—it ought to be capable of transforming itself or even of being superseded, without there being a bloody revolution. We cannot claim to guarantee this, but certainly, if democratic devices are built into the system, then when the new equilibrium is achieved following on the social revolution, the stage will be set for internal democratisation.

Dixie Benn was one of the most interesting characters living in the village; he typified the poor backward agricultural settlement, and laboured in all manner of ways—honest and otherwise—to support himself and his family of ten. Susanna, his common-law wife, was a contented and faithful partner who assisted him in the wage-earning business by occasional odd jobs whenever she was spared from child-bearing. In fact she could not be otherwise than subjected to Dixie, being terribly afraid of his thunderous voice and big brawny arms.

But not only was he feared by his wife and children; the community at large dwelt in constant dread of him as he continued to carry out his nocturnal plunderings. He was a notorious thief. Besides, after working during the day in the arrowroot field, he would count out quite carefully in his own peculiar manner the number of shillings he would be receiving for the eighteen "baskets" of roots which he unearthed; and this number would determine the slices of boiled breadfruit that he must eat for his dinner.

One afternoon he came home, shoved his hoe under the house as usual, and took his seat on the log of wood behind the almost broken-down kitchen; then he called out in his heavy voice: "Sue, yoh done cook?" "Yes Dixie" Susanna answered quickly, "cause dem picknie nah bin get nutt'n fo eat whole day." "Well bring the vittle lemme see way yoh gat," he commanded. Susanna brought the large bamboo basket into which she had emptied the thick slices of breadfruit to cool, and placed it in front of Dixie in complete servility. "Hummuch breadfruit yoh cook?" he questioned. "Is eight," muttered Susanna. "Well, eight fours ah tutty-two, and dis nah tutty-two slice ah breadfruit," was the angry charge.

With trembling voice she tried to appease his wrath by explaining that, as the children were hungry, she had already given them their share; and that in the basket was the remainder.

"Sue, ah tired tell you that picknie nagah na fo eat before big man," Dixie warned. "But suppose dem dead fo hungry when dem ah wait pan yoh," she asked. "Dem easier to bury than to mine," he replied; "and furthermore, shut up and don' argue; when I Dixie Benn talk, no damn darg bark."

He bolted down the entire contents of the basket before him, then called for some water which Nora, his teen-age daughter brought to him in a large bowl. He drank to the last drop, then gave a loud sigh, murmuring: "a man got to work so darm hard, and picknie mus nyam before me, humhum."

Saturday evening, as was his custom, Dixie armed himself with crocus bag, hand-basket, long-knife, and fishing rod and set out for the

sea where he would angle around the rocks for the first part of the night, before plundering the fields and orchards he had been surveying throughout the past week. Included in his coverage that week, was a lovely bunch of plantains that had perhaps escaped the onslaught of other thieves, because it was rumoured by its owner, Big Sam. In fact, thieves were always hesitant to steal from Big Sam food crops. It was also claimed that once you entered his lands to steal you could not leave until he kicked you nine times with his left foot.

Be that as it may, Dixie had invented his own ritual by which he could counteract any force which might tend to keep him prisoner in any plot he invaded. He kept a small phial of "spirit of turpentine" with which he rubbed all the exposed parts of his body immediately before entering; then on coming out, he moved backwards in a zig-zag fashion, for he believed that spirits could only walk in a straight line.

On his way to the sea that evening, Dixie passed by Big Sam's garden to make sure that his intended prize was still intact. After that, time was his only master while he sat perched on the rock angling at the school of boatswain in the moonlit water below him. He remained there until the moon had reached the required position in the sky, (it was his only means of guessing the time) then he packed up bag and baggage, and commenced to move on to phase two of the night's operations.

He got back to Big Sam's garden and first looked round and about to ensure that no one was around. He then went through his ritual meticulously, tied a piece of coconut husk to the sole of both feet in order that his foot prints could not be detected, then moved toward the plantain tree. With one hurried slash with his long knife he severed the stem from the tree. Quickly he detached the hands from the stem and dumped them into his bag.

This being done, Dixie's attention was next attracted by the green coconuts hanging some twenty feet or so from a tree nearby. He kicked his improvised boots off and mounted the tree with effortless ease; but no sooner was he up among the branches than he was attacked by a swarm of jack-spaniards. In his effort to free himself from the onslaught, he missed his grip, and came crashing to the ground prostrate. The pain he felt then was enough to warn him of further trouble, but at the moment Dixie's chief intention was to get home as quickly as possible with his prize.

As he lifted the bag with the plantains he felt a sharp pain in the lower region of his abdomen; he suddenly thought of praying: "lard you

know how tings is. Ah know is a sin to tlef; but who nah gat mus live by who gat plenty. Big Sam profar tro away dan gee poor people. Help me to reach home, do, and deliver me from the pangs of dis blow." The prayer was slow and expressive, punctuated at seemingly deliberate intervals with a muffled "ummbh."

Despite the pain, which was however lessening in intensity, Dixie reached home after making one stop at the stand-pipe for the making of a good way from the house hole in the ground a good way from the house and buried the plantains, then retired to his bed of old crocus bags spread on the floor. As it to get the most out of the few remaining hours of darkness he fell fast asleep; and his loud snores vibrated through the entire two-roomed hut.

When morning dawned, Susanna came out and cleaned the three boatswain she found in the basket hanging from the roof of the kitchen, she sprinkled some fine salt over them, meanwhile mumbling to herself: "Da big one yah foh Dixie, dem two head for me, and the res' to cut up 'mongst dem picknie." She stuck the calabash in the thrash of the kitchen roof, and went back to the house.

"Dixie", she said very apologetically, "yoh ketch some nice fish, ah done salt dem, but we nah gat no food to go wid dem only wan-a-two letatah; and you doesn' eat dem, especially ah Sundee."

"Shut up yoh darm trap, day nah done, nah coas um," retorted Dixie. Then he pointed from the open window where he had his treasure buried. "Yoh gwine fine more dan yoh want right day." He saw the questioning look on Susanna's face, then he went on to tell her of the source of the plunder. It was not important to tell her about the fall. Susanna was taken back with doubts and fear as the mention of Big Sam; but she dared not comment in disagreement.

At about 3:30 p.m. Susanna called Dixie and placed the basket and pot before him: "tek out foh you, den lemme gee dem picknie dem nim-nyam."

As if to bring Susanna's prediction to pass, Dixie took out the biggest fish from the pot, drained half the sauce into his calabash, then with a piece of coconut leaf rib he lifted twelve plantains from the basket—"lemme try dem yah and see how day cut before ah come back foh me full share;" and he took up his usual seat on the log. He soon made his promised return, after which Susanna dished out the children's portion, and ate hers from the pot. However, she made sure not to include any of the plantains in hers or the children's being unable to overcome the suspicion of Big Sam's produce.

By Monday morning the news went around the village that Big Sam had missed the bunch of

plantains, and that he swore that the person won't get off this time. Dixie was completely unruffled as he was always instructing Sue to wrap up some quick-silver and ashes in a black piece of cloth and boil it in the bottom of the pot with any "suspected" food.

He went to work on Monday and Tuesday as usual; but by Wednesday morning he was having headache and dizziness, and the abdominal pains had returned. He recollected that he did not have a bowel action since last Saturday.

"Dixie, tekay ah Big Sam kark yoh," Sue thought. "Cheups", dismissed Dixie, "mek yoh nah say de darm plantain mussee stick in me ribs how dem full an' sallid. Sen wan ah dem picknie by Joe-B let he sen' two pack ah salts gemme."

The Salta came and Sue dissolved it thoroughly in some luke warm water and handed it to Dixie. "heb, drink all" she encouraged, "an when yoh done lemme tun down the cup foh e aparate yoh plenty."

The laxative did not have the desired effect at all; and by evening Dixie's belly was swollen stiff, and he was groaning in pain. By now even he was beginning to believe the "junjoe" story.

"Come go beg Big Sam pardon," Sue urged, "he might loose yoh." "Me;" exclaimed Dixie, disregarding the pain, "Dat son-of-a-bitch Big Sam go only too glad to lack me up an' yoh member way de madistrate tell me de las' time?"

In all of it, neither Dixie nor Susanna wanted the news of Dixie's plight to be known. She tried all sorts of quack remedies she could think of; not even vomit bush could help the situation. Meanwhile, Dixie's belly was swelling more and more as the days went by.

At last on Saturday afternoon, Susanna was forced to summon the doctor to her husband's aid. When he arrived he was shown into the dark untidy room where Dixie lay on the dirty rags on the floor. The Doctor questioned him as to the nature of his illness. "Dactah," replied Dixie, "ah eight days now since me na dutty. Lard" he bewailed to himself, "me bin a strang working man, never sick, uses to dig eighteen pan ah arr'root a day; watch how me come, ummh! "In that case," the doctor admonished, "you ought to have been better off than you are at present--without a bed, and no proper clothes on."

"Dactah," Dixie interrupted, "de money bin good aye, but flour come fuss. When back can wait, belly can't wait; belly na gat bone."

The doctor examined him thoroughly and straightway ordered that he be taken to hospital, by which time the villagers had started gathering at the gateway, having seen the doctor's car parked there.

The ambulance came about two hours later, and there was more than enough help to lift

Dixie's huge frame from the house. As the door closed and the ambulance rolled off, the siren made a low moan. Susanna placed both hands on her head and muttered softly: "bucket ah go ah well everyday, wan day e battum go drap out lard, Dixie garn!" Then she turned sorrowfully and walked back to the house. At the hospital it was discovered that Dixie had a twist of a part of his intestine which could have been caused by falling from a reasonable

height. The doctors tried their best, but all in vain. On Monday at mid-day, exactly nine days after he had eaten his first meal of Big Sam's plantain, Dixie was dead. Much to Big Sam's disappointment, he was not allowed to boast singularly of having got rid of Dixie. Another farmer in the district was attributing Dixie's death to his pine-apple that he had stolen the previous week from his orchard.

CANE GARDEN

BY DANIEL WILLIAMS

I

The sea hangs from the sky in bluer blue,
True as a hem and the sky is a dress;
The sea is the sky without breadth,
Phosphorescence stars.

The wind is the sea spread out unruffled,
The sea is the wind at rest and
Fishes sea-birds,
The tide the sea's blowing.

Clouds are the spray
Heaped on the sky's beach
Out of reach;
Thunder is the wave's roar on the æther shore.

Stars are moth-holes eaten
In the sky's garment;
We are the lament trudging
On the wish of our fallen
Star.

II

The city is a cemetery lit with candles,
We are the dead; and hope our bones.
Each night is the all saint's day and
We are the prefabricated saints,
Pious
In nightgowns and prepared prayers:
But
Achievement is the epitaph,
And toil our wreath; labour is the garland,
And love the elegy that the heart raises above
the land.

III

The land is a verse,
And the tree rhymes in the cold wind;
Mountains are images evocative, and
The river a line metering down the valley
Around the stone's assonance;
Colour is the alliteration
Tuned to the seasons' emotion.

We are the stanza,
He the poem.

A CAROL IN MINOR

By E. MCG. KEANE

When you have wrapped the last packet,
Sealed the last message, signed
The last wish, tucked
The last forgotten friendship in the envelope;
When you have finished trying to bind
This year's sins in pretty little
Confessions of red paper,

Then pause once or twice
Under the gay fragments
Of tinsel Christs
That you have hung above you,
And confess yourself
Ready for everyman's goodwill

Does it matter if you fell
Bored of your own worshipping
When your rubbed stars could tell
Of no new saviour purchasing
Unto his blood your poverty?

Does it matter if after
Two days of love you will sweep
All your broken pints of laughter
Into the last flaccid heap
Of this year's garbage of prosperity?

We are not wise enough for sorrow,
And our confessions come
Only to clear a path
For the next sin.

So next year's proffered candy
Will take care of its own atonements,
And the tinsel gods will briefly tide
Your quick devotions, and wine
Will be handy to hide
The Childless glare
Of your rubbed star-in-the-east:
And you will—
Under new fragments—confess yourself
Ready for every man's goodwill.

MIXTURE

BY DANIEL WILLIAMS

Your texture was a mixture:
You were temperate like the poplar tree,
Tropical like our huge heap of mountain behind the sea;
And with a gesture lazy like the stroller's walk
You would talk.

Down in your brown face,
In the negro-white of your hair
And along the high ridge of your nose
I could hear the murmuring of another race
Out of place.

You were mixture:
Cosmopolitan,
Tanned with the heat and the cold.
Nomad features
Chiselled in Spain by the English,
With a French finish.

But over your sensuous mouth
There was no importation;
Except emancipation.
Under your brown brow
Your eyes told our story truer than history
Or emancipation.

You are picture;
Hanging on the hot wall of our past,
Brooding over the welling darkness.
You are star
Eavesdropping on the chambered clouds
Shut tight with floods.

Your texture is mixture
Your figure is picture
Epitome
From the pages of the years
I read me.

But around the corner
Of your smile,
Under the long coil
Of tendril time,
I discover
You are woman.

THE WASHER WOMEN

BY OWEN CAMPBELL

Down where the river beats itself against the stones
And washes them in clouds of frothy spray,
Or foaming fumbles through them with the thousand tones
Of an orchestra,
The women wash, and humming keep a sort of time;
And families of bubbles frisk and float away
To be destroyed,
Like all the baffled hopes that had their little suns,
Tossed on the furious drifts of disappointments.
But all the tide
Cradles these clinging bubbles ever still, alike
The friendly little hopes that never leave the heart.

In this big hall of rushing waters women wash
And with the sound of washing,
With the steady heaving of their slender shoulders
As they rub their stubborn rags upon the boulders,
They keep a sort of time

With their thoughts. These were unchanging
Like the persistent music here,
Of swirling waters,
The crash of wet clothes beaten on the stones,
The sound of wind in leaves,
Or frog croaks after dusk, and the low moan
Of the big sea fighting the river's mouth.

The ever changing patterns in the clouds
Before their dissolution into rain;
Or the gay butterflies manoeuvring
Among the leafy camouflage that clothes the banks
And hides their spent remains when they collapse and die,
Are symbols of their hopes and gaudy plans
Which once they dreamt. But finally they learn to hope
And make plans less elaborate.
It was the same
With those that washed before them here
And passed leaving the soap-stained stones
Where others now half stoop like devotees
To pagan gods.

They have resigned themselves to daylong awishing
Or wet cloth chafing the very stone;
And the big symphony of waters rushing
Past clumps of tall stems standing alone,
Apart, like band-leaders, or sentinels,
They must hear the heavy hum
Of wings of insects overgrown,
Cleaving the air like bombers on a plotted course,
They must hear the long 'hush' of the wind in leaves
As dead ones flutter down like living things
Until the shadows come.

WE WHO DO NOT KNOW THE SNOW

BY DANIEL WILLIAMS

We who do not know the snow
And the white teeth of the cold,
Who are not friendly with the quick turn of the season,
And the chill in inability of the summer plaid,
Still know the light bright cotton cushioning the breeze;
Not cold but warm in the drowsy pillow,
Lazy under the blanket, steeped in the drug of night;
Untrampled by passing foot blow.....

Now the clouds are a flock of sheep
Grazing over the fertile vault, and the fisher men sweep
Over the high home of the fishes, down in the all ditches
Of the sea chasing through mossy reef and coral the
inhabitants
Of the salt kingdom, seeking flesh to silver dinner dishes.

The uncertain seine, a bundle of nerves, molests the sad sard,
Twitching with its wet colony as dawn catches the strands
Of morning in a ribbon of light and the glad embrace of her
hand
Hugs archipelago of ships and the ripple-dimple with
brine the planks.

And yet who does not know the prick of pain
The light in the candle of the child's eye
And the slow draw of dusk across the sky?

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